TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

There has been a good deal of hifalutin talk about the liberty of the subject, gag law, etc., in connection with the ill-considered move the council made towards prohibiting park preaching. One must admit that the council shows too great a willingness to legislate on questions they have scarcely considered, but the aldermen stampeded somewhat too precipitately when the newspapers began to point out the impropriety of a by-law regulating when and where and how a man should talk. The scenes in the park during the period when disputants are slang pelting one another are not edifying. What is said is seldom instructive and almost invariably rank. It is claimed that souls have been saved by the park preachers. Possibly so. I could almost as readily imagine one being saved at a dog fight, but then queer conditions sometimes require strange medicines, and it is not the duty of the city government to prohibit discussion in public places as long as the peace is not endangered. Those, however, who have been so fiercely denouncing the threatened invasion of public rights must have done so in many instances without examining the measure they so fiercely denounced. A park is but little different from the street. It is the law that people shall not collect, shall not stand on street corners even in small knots. This is an infringement of the right of the citizen to stand where he blamed pleases, yet it is absolutely necessary in order to prevent crowds interfering with traffic, the peace and convenience of pedestrians and the safety of property. To extend this supervision of public places to the parks and to prevent loud-mouthed and leather-lunged disputants from making the day hideous is not a very great step. I do not imagine the public would lose anything in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand by such a measure. It is in order to protect the just cause and in the thousandth instance to provide an opportunity and to make possible an audience for a man with a genuine grievance, with a proper impulse of patriotism or religion or morality, which through poverty or prejudice he may not be able to obtain elsewhere, that the police should be restrained from interference. One might argue that men have a right to fight in the park if they have a private but exceedingly bitter difference of opinion which they desire to settle by blows. It is possible to stretch the argument of public liberty to the point of defending such muscular exhibitions, but everyone knows that a fight of that sort is brutal, demoralizing, worse still, contagious. Where two people begin to fight they find partisans and in ten minutes a whole crowd will fall to blows. Much of the argument in the park is as brutal and demoralizing as fisticuffs, and is quite as liable to embroil those who listen, but there is a difference, and it is simply that narrow line which separates liberty from license, and free speech has become so thoroughly appreciated that it would not only be wrong, but exceedingly dangerous, to appear to interfere with it.

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It is to be hoped, however, that the aldermen having been frightened away from their improper proposal will not be afraid to prohibit the braying of brass bands and those discordant ear-bursting sounds which make Sunday unendurable in the park. There is no principle of public privilege or private liberty involved in this. A man's soul yearning after the infinite or groping blindly for the truth may make it impossible for him to be silent. Then let him shout or sing or preach. There is no necessity that his breath should escape from him through a trombone or a bass horn, or that his muscles should harden themselves by beating a big drum. An interference with free speech and the suppression of itinerant and irresponsible bands going about the streets frightening horses, playing party tunes, enraging opponents and inflaming sectarian animosities, are two entirely different things. Some of the newspapers which have been championing free speech are also tempted to pursue the advantage they have gained by resisting a by-law for the regulation of band playing in the public streets. They seem to imagine that everyone has a right to walk in the middle of the road and bang a drum, and scream, and hoot, and gather up an army of stone throwing hoodlums. What good is there in it? What harm will be done if a band cannot parade without obtaining a permit from the mayor or police magistrate, or city clerk, or anyone else appointed for the purpose. A by-law cannot prevent a military band from parading as the officer in charge sees fit. What other bands do we desire? It is urged that the Salvation Army will be interfered with. If the aldermen see fit to make an exception of them, well and good. If not, let them get their permits, as other bands will have to, or be refused them if the sense of the city is opposed to such parades. No abuse should be continued because a religious body sometimes utilises it for what they esteem a proper end. It is absurd to say that because the privilege is so seldom abused, the innocent should not be made to suffer for the guilty. It is a privilege which is too frequently abused. If hospitals, orphan asylums, public halls are to be besieged by armies of hoodlums gathered up by a partisan band, it is an evil so great that it must be suppressed. It is to be hoped the aldermen will have courage enough to stick to their colors in this matter.

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I do not like the idea of a fence being put around the Horticultural Gardens. Because a few paths have been worn across the grass and bulbs injured and the temper of the gardener excited, it does not follow that a fence should be built. A better and less expensive remedy would be found, if where the paths have been worn across the square, regular walks were put down of asphalt or concrete following the trend of what has proven to be the necessities of the case. These walks would not mar the appearance of the grounds, they would be more pleasant to the feet of pedestrians than the grass, and as for the bulbs and flowers, if they cannot be protected in the out lying sections of the gardens let them be removed. What is wanted is a green, not a flower garden. By no means disfigure the grounds and put on record the littleness of the aldermanic mind by re-erecting a fence. The privilege may have been abused, but after a little time the people will begin to be careful as they find they are injuring the grass plot on which their children or little friends delight to play. We have had all our public squares walled about so long that it requires some little time for the people to get used to the delightful sensation of not being fenced out of their own property. At one time there was a general fear that the ordinary citizen would abuse the newly-gotten privilege of the ballot, and he did abuse it for a time, to a certain extent he does yet, but it is only by giving him opportunities of choosing that he learns to make a choice, and if for a little while he is let run across the grass if he wants to, he will soon learn to take as good care of it as if it were his own lawn.

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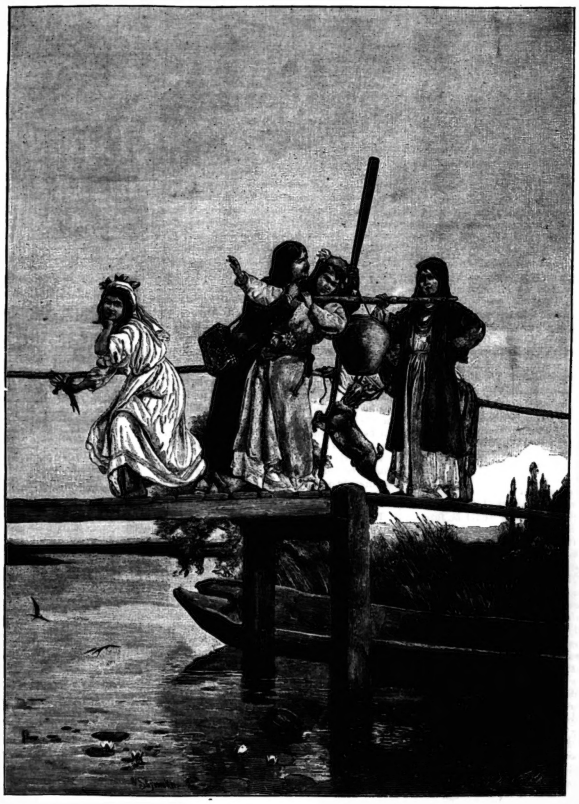
A reverend friend of mine took the pains to come in and tell me that while he generally agrees with what I have to say in these columns, he objected to my remarks of last week concerning preachers in politics. He saw no reason why the occupant of a pulpit should lose his citizenship and his right to speak his mind either publicly or privately on the political questions of the hour. I hope I was not generally so misunderstood. It goes without saying that a preacher if he pays his taxes should have all the privileges enjoyed by any other citizen. What I objected to was the entrance into politics of preachers *as preachers*. The moment a clergyman takes his stand with other citizens, drops the tone which suggests that he is in politics not as an ordinary citizen but as a spiritual adviser, then he becomes the most welcome of all those who meet together to consider the welfare of the country and is admired as one in whose hands the ballot is safest. The great trouble is that the ordinary parson insists on wearing his clerical coat, neck cloth, and pulpit airs wherever he is. He is apt to feel that he is a rather superior being, to pose as a political model for other people and to persist in ramming down the throats of those about him a lot of things they are not prepared to swallow. If a lawyer were to stand up in a public meeting and say that because he is a lawyer he knows a great deal more about politics than anybody else, he would be sat upon promptly and crushingly. If a doctor were to proclaim that his knowledge of physic pre-eminently qualifies him to tell everybody else how they should vote, he would be hooted out of the hall, and when a parson gets up and lays down the law concerning the tariff, prohibition, education, toleration and every other "ashun" as if he and the brethren of his cloth are the only men entitled to speak and that all the rest of us are a lot of dizzy sinners, I feel like entering my protest, and it was this protest and nothing more that I was endeavoring to place on fyle last Saturday. Previously I have stated and I repeat it, that preachers are the last people in the world to be trusted with absolute power. Individually they are generally self-sacrificing, often broad-minded and frequently pious, but collectively when they convene themselves as a mutual admiration society and begin to pass resolutions and arraign the laws of the municipality, province or country, they are as short sighted, narrow minded and tyrannical as a parcel of old maids would be in arranging the laws which should govern breach of promise and staying out late o' nights. The clergy somehow seem to forget that they are men, and the rest of us are not worse than men and that the human family is essentially human and liable to err. Bishop Foley of Detroit when he remarked that he had a vote and proposed to use it was thoroughly sensible and a better thing was never put on record than his remark, "When I vote it is not as Bishop Foley but as John Foley, an American citizen." If our parsons, Protestant and Catholic, would be kind enough to come off their high horse politically and talk and vote as Canadian citizens they would be an acquisition to every political meeting and a safeguard against many low and injudicious things which are done. As these same gentlemen acting as Ministerial Associations, etc., are not always right, they should remember that the ballot box and not the Ministerial Association is the court of final resort in this country.



PAYING TOLL.

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The malign influence of the *Globe's* smile has long been noted. When the *Glawbe* favors a candidate for office that candidate is sure to be defeated; if it advocates a measure it is lost; if it loves a man he is thereafter looked upon with suspicion. A couple of weeks ago I had occasion to make some remarks about the *Globe's* peculiar policy which evidently gave offence, as in its following issue it contained the editorial paragraph quoted below:

> *Life* this week is remarkably good, easily maintaining its superiority over all competitors in the same field. It contains bright and fully illustrated sketches of the American Boodlers in Canada, of the Ladies of President Harrison's Cabinet, of Wiscons'n Dens, etc., etc., together with many smart columns of local interest, etc.

One week afterwards *Life* was cold and clammy in death. The old dame took the child on her knee and one week afterwards the little thing petered. I would not go so far as to say that the *Globe's* smile killed it, but what must one think of the honesty or good sense displayed by the editor of a paper who in order to get a slap at SATURDAY NIGHT, proceeds to puff an obviously dying concern supposed to have been its rival!

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I have always admired the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, even though I have been led to believe that in certain phases of the moon his spine lacks the rigidity which it ordinarily possesses. At the afternoon session of Toronto Presbytery, on Tuesday, he introduced an overture proposing a revision of the Confession of Faith. Following is his overture, and I sincerely congratulate him on the courage he displayed:

> "whereas the Church of Christ should be careful not to exclude from the ministry any man whom the Lord of the Church would receive.
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> "And whereas the desired union of the several branches of the Church would necessarily involve the adoption of a common standard for admission to the ministry.
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> "And whereas the present terms of subscription in the Presbyterian Church in Canada, have the effect of excluding from its ministry men who are acknowledged to be ministers of the Gospel in other branches of the Church.
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> "And whereas the Westminster Confession errs both by excess and by defect, unduly emphasising some aspects of truth, while it does not give their due places to others which are equally important.
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> "It is humbly overtured to the venerable the General Assembly to take such action as it may deem best in the premises, in the way of either altering the terms of subscription or substituting for said Confession some briefer statement of the truths which are considered vital."

His speech urging its adoption was one in which all liberal Christians could heartily concur. He was anxious that the Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian bodies should be able to unite and in order to bring this about the Confession of Faith would need modification. He read the first sentence: "Whereas the Church of Christ should be careful not to exclude from the ministry any man whom the Lord would receive into the ministry," and thought it hardly necessary to dwell upon this point as they were all agreed, he believed, in regard to it, that none should be excluded whom the Lord would receive. In order to make certain of this he asked the Presbytery the question, "Is there any dispute about it, any conceivable doubt?" Two or three voices at once replied "Yes," and at this point the listener must at once have felt himself struck cold. If the Presbyterian Church is careful to exclude from the ministry those whom the Lord would receive it follows that it must be easier to get into heaven than it is into the Presbyterian Church, that the requirements for being one of Christ's apostles were less rigorous than those required for theological students who are anxious to preach Presbyterianism. Can we wonder at the increase of infidelity when a parcel of Presbyterians sit in judgment on the Lord's standard for the ministry.

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The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, if I read aright the report of his speech, stated "that by common consent among ministers the assent which is given to the Confession is not with regard to it in its entirety but simply to its general principles." That is to say, when Presbyterian clerzymen swallow the dose they hold their nose and make a mental reservation that that which they don't smell they don't take. Of course, everyone knows that no one accepts the Westminster Confession literally, holus bolus, and the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell is right when he says: "It is unwise to have a document handed down from one generation to another which does not represent the living faith of the church." He was surprised to hear that the Confession of Faith was not taught at Knox or Queen's Colleges. I am not. If they poured this dose of theological verbosity into each student he would have to either look silly and hold his mouth open or be wise and get out and no one knows this better than the assembled clergymen who criticised Rev. Mr. Macdonnell's overture.

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Rev. William Meikle wanted a declaratory statement of some sort that would bring out the mind of the church on vital doctrines. Prof. Gregg objected to the overture, because of the "effect" it would have on the "Presbyterian" Church. He would be sorry "to admit Jesuits into his church." When did Prof. Gregg start a church? The great trouble with the gentlemen of the Presbytery is that they confound their church with Christ's church. If Prof. Gregg would always talk of Christ's church, and never of "his" church, his hearers would begin to understand the scope of the gospel. "He felt that the overture before the Court asked Presbyterians to surrender everything Presbyterian and to submit to the doctrines of the Baptists as to prelacy, etc." Certainly. If Brother Gregg has to surrender everything Presbyterian in order to become Christian let him surrender. Perhaps there is more money for him in Presbyterianism than there is in Christianity, but there is not so much good for the world.

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Prof. McLaren felt the same as Dr. Gregg did. "Mr. Moody," said he, "was a useful member of the Church of Christ and his labors had been marked with great results for good, but it did not follow that Presbyterians should admit him into full membership. No doubt but that the Lord blessed the preaching of the Baptists, Congregationalists and Episcopalians but that is no reason why those holding a different doctrine should be admitted into the Presbyterian Church." Possibly not. Bro. McLaren knows so much more about it than the Lord does that he must draw the lines where the Lord is anxious no lines should be drawn. Whenever a man talks this way argument ceases. Dr. McLaren feels that if Mr. Macdonnell's views should prevail the Confession that would suit them would be reduced to an infinitesimal something and in the end what would it contain? Possibly it would contain this "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God." This is the infinitesimal something upon which Christ declared he would build his church. Perhaps it isn't enough for Presbyterians but it was enough for Christ (Matt. xvi, 16-18). Dr. McLaren also made the pertinent inquiry: "What right has the General Assembly to make a Confession of Faith to suit the whole united body?" Will the learned gentlemen permit me to inquire what right the General Assembly, or any assembly, or any united body, has to make a Confession of Faith at all. Christ made all the Confession that was necessary, and when Dr. McLaren, or anybody else, tries to improve on it he is apt to make a mess of it. I invite Dr. McLaren's attention to the following passage: "And if any man shall add unto

these things, God shall add unto him the plagues which are written in this book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the Book of Life, and from out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book." (Rev. xxii., 18, 19.)

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Rev. G. M. Milligan felt himself called upon to "repudiate" the overture. "There was no one suffering from exclusion." No? Of course G. M. Milligan knows everybody who has been excluded by a cast-iron Confession of Faith. He probably knows what became of them, and how they felt and all about it, and then again he probably knows as little about it as anybody else. "Ministers of other denominations would be admitted into the Presbyterian Church provided they subscribed to the standards as he did." Probably those who were confronted by the Confession and those things which are admitted by the Presbytery to be impossibilities were not led to the acceptance of them by a large salary and a pastorate on the corner of two fashionable streets. Little things sometimes make men willing to accept very large statements, and a handsome stipend will often act as the gulp of water which washes down a very bitter pill! "He admitted himself that nobody now-a-days was asked to subscribe to every *particle* of the Confession of Faith. Common sense reigns in the Church (does he mean to intimate that it does not reign in the Confession?) and teaches us that what we do subscribe to is the system of doctrine taught in the Word of God." Verily, Bro. Milligan, out of thine own mouth art thou convicted. You subscribed to *everything* because it was necessary in order to draw the salary, and yet you state that nobody conscientiously subscribes to every particle of the Confession. Therefore you subscribed to things against which your conscience rebelled. Why did you do it? At so much per annum, or because you either had to take all or nothing? What benefit is it to Christianity that men are made hypocrites by subscribing to what they don't understand or believe, in order to declare their belief in a certain remaining percentage of truth? What you say about subscribing to the system of doctrine taught in the Word of God shows that in your mind the creed and the gospel have become confused. You say "What we do subscribe to is the system of doctrine taught in the Word of God." This is untrue, or else your argument amounts to nothing, for you state that nobody is asked now-a-days to subscribe to "every particle" of the Confession of Faith, yet they must nominally subscribe to all of it; consequently they subscribe to things which are not in the Word of God though they may do it with a mental reservation. Why not let them subscribe to the Word of God itself and interpret it to please themselves? If they are granted the privilege of discriminating how much of your creed they shall accept why not grant them the privilege of interpreting the Word of God for themselves? The trouble is that Bro. Milligan is anxious to do the interpreting for people who are probably as spiritually-minded as he is.

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Dr. Kellogg viewed Mr. Macdonnell's overture in the same light as a proposal to do away with examinations for teachers in order to put teachers and scholars on an equality. This is the climax of clerical gall. Dr. Kellogg would have us believe that he and his confreres are the teachers, that the multitude are the scholars. The extraordinary transposition is that he places himself and his colleagues where Christ and his apostles are ordinarily supposed to stand. Christ was the teacher; not Dr. Kellogg. He taught plainly; the unlettered fishermen of Galilee could understand him. Are the frequenters of St James' Square Presbyterian Church less able to understand what Christ means in His Word than were the unlettered followers of Christ himself? Does it need the interposition of a pope or priest to say what shall be considered vital and what shall be considered immaterial? Have we come to this pass in Protestantism that we must be informed how much of the Bible we are to believe, and how much we may disbelieve, after we have been informed that the Word is "sufficient for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness?" Is this an age of mysticism, when the hooded priest must come out and explain how we must approach the inner sanctuary of truth? The Rev. Leo XIII. Kellogg feels that "it would be dangerous for the Presbyterian Church to receive all ministers whom the Lord would receive, because there comes the difficulty in deciding whom the Lord would receive." Will the reverend gentleman please pause and inquire who hath made him judge of whom the Lord would receive or why he should waste his time sitting in judgment when God proposes to exercise that function himself? He asks, "Would the Church be prepared to eliminate from the Confession of Faith the doctrine that children should be admitted into the Church, at the behest of a man holding such views and unwilling to unite until children were excluded from the church? It has been said that "He who believeth and is baptized shall be saved," and the authority for this statement is several degrees superior to Dr. Kellogg, it seems to me quite intelligible, and if children can believe and be baptized they are certainly fit subjects for membership. It would not be difficult to make the Confession of Faith harmonious with the scriptures in this matter, and the reverend gentleman would be freed from any anxiety of mind with regard to it. Towards the conclusion of his speech Dr. Kellogg let the cat out of the bag, if one may be pardoned such an unscriptural allusion, when he stated "that he would be favorable to changing the question put to ministers at ordination so as to convey the meaning that the Confession of Faith contains the system set forth in the Holy Scriptures." He gave instances to show that "the question as it now stands creates scruples in the minds of elders and ministers, many of whom believe that they are asked to subscribe to *everything* taught in the Westminster standard, *which is not the case.*" Dr. Kellogg knows as well as I do that they have to subscribe to everything there is in the Confessior, though it may be done with a mental reservation. Like the little boy when he is asked, "Did you steal the apples?" and answers, "No, sir, I did not steal the apples (mental reservation: that is, I did not steal all the apples.) Why should the elders be made nominally to subscribe to those things which they don't believe? If they are to have mental reservations why can they not subscribe to the Confession without believing any of it? If certain portions of it are to be held in abeyance, who is to examine and determine as to which portions?

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Rev. Mr. Macdonnell is replying was forcible and eloquent. Amongst other things he said, "When I was a student at Edinburgh my soul was tortured by a formula put to me by the Church of Scotland. I tell you, brethren, we could not have such a formula in the Presbyterian Church of Canada to-day or we would have no Church. I regret to see that members of this Court make the Confession of Faith an idol, but I tell you the day is not far distant when the substance of my overture will be adopted by the Church, and, please God, I hope to live long enough to see it."

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Those who read may learn. Those who read will also have the privilege of comparing these expressions of opinion with the Word of God. When we recollect that it has been demonstrated by a vote of the Toronto Presbytery that it was easier to be an apostle than it is to be a Presbyterian preacher, and that it is more difficult to get into the Presbyterian Church than it is into heaven we may conclude that it is less desirable to get into the Presbyterian Church than it is to get into heaven.

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To Mr. Macdonnell: Your soul was tortured by a formula; such a formula keeps churches apart—if there are churches, though I know of but one, viz., Christ's church. You accepted the formula. How much of your manhood did you sacrifice in doing it? Your soul was tortured; how many other souls do you think have been tortured? You accepted an objectionable formula; how many strong, manly souls do you think refused? What do you think became of those souls? How much less noble were they than yours? And if the formula had been that which was answered by the eunuch in the simple words, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God" (Acts viii., 37), do you not imagine that many would have accepted it and been saved who rejected a formula such as tortured your soul and have been driven out into the darkness and lost.

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The newspapers are giving credence to the rumor that D'Alton McCarthy is not entirely satisfied with his treatment in the Dominion Parliament, and is likely to resign his seat. D'Alton McCarthy is one of the cleverest men in the Dominion, and many of his friends hope he will resign with the intention of staying "resigned" as far as Dominion politics are concerned. He is not beloved by the herd of truculent politicians who swarm in the Parliament at Ottawa, but in Ontario politics he would be a power. If the rumor is true that Mr. Meredith is likely to go on the Supreme Court bench, Mr. McCarthy is the best man to succeed him. The fact that he is not altogether in harmony with Sir John, and the truth that he is too straightforward to be the hired man of the Dominion Premier, would greatly assist him in a provincial campaign. This province is ripe for a Conservative revolt against a too-close alliance of our provincial politics with those of the Dominion. D'Alton McCarthy would be followed with enthusiasm by the Conservative party and a large section of the Liberals. With him at the helm new lines would be formed, new alliances made, new issues created. I have heard it said that he is too much like Edward Blake to make a successful leader. Of one thing I am sure, he is not like Edward Blake insomuch as he is one of the best judges of men in the Dominion. He surrounds himself by able lieutenants, he has courage enough to seize upon a point and tenacity enough to stick to it. If his attractiveness is only to the few, those few are not like those who surrounded Edward Blake, cold, egotistical and repellant, but eager, aggressive, and magnetic. I do not speak thus in praise of D'Alton McCarthy in order to disparage Mr. W. R. Meredith, for in all Canada there is not a more loveable man, nor one for whom I have a greater personal affection. If I am not as hopeful of him as leader of the Conservative Opposition as I once was, it is because he is too considerate of his opponents, too apt to be satisfied with a recognition of some of his principles, too tolerant of abuses which he fears to correct lest greater ones come upon us. In fact he is not fierce enough a fighter. However, should he remain the leader of the Opposition he will be loved as long as he lives and followed affectionately and faithfully by those who have the good or bad fortune to sit on the same side of the House with him.

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A certain section of the aldermanic politicians take a pride in resisting Jarvis' claim for the payment of $10,000 for the Glen road bridge. He built it, never got paid for it; it is of use to the city, a daily convenience to those in Rosedale, an absolute necessity to the traffic in that district. Why should he, a poor man, place Toronto under such obligation to him? Certainly he should be paid for it. Those who resist his claim seem to me anxious for the little glorification which can be had in jumping on a man who is down.

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It will be noticed with pleasure that William Hohenzollern and Mr. Bismarck have retired from their noisy contempt for Great Britain and are now suing for a British alliance. The lion's paw has been felt. Because there is no roaring heard the world need not imagine that the animal is dead or sleeping. No better evidence is needed than the sudden retirement of Mr. Hohenzollern from his very "snifty" position. All at once he is again beginning to recognize his Ma.

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The organization of a Canadian National Association is more promising every day, and it has been decided to postpone the primary meeting until Thursday or Friday of next week, when those who have sent in their names will be notified. The large number that have taken an interest in this matter I am sure will feel delighted and encouraged when we get together.

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The death of Hon. J. H. Pope removes an exceedingly shrewd man from Sir John's Government. Already the race for his place grows exciting. It is more than possible that at least a dozen votes against disallowance were influenced by the hope of succession. DON.

Society.

Last Saturday Mrs. T. Alison held a very enjoyable At Home at her residence, College avenue. Following is a list of the invitations, which were largely responded to, though there was a scarcity of gentlemen: Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Maclaren, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Brush, Dr. and Mrs. A. Smith, Mrs. Gould, Miss Hobson of Guelph, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. E. Parish, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. B. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. H. Walker, Mrs. Morse, Mr. and the Misses Scott, Mr. and Mrs. McCracken, Miss McCracken, Rev. A. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Score, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ivey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Akers, Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard, Miss Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Spence, Mr. and Mrs. S. Caldecott, Professor and Mrs. J. Loudon, Mr. and Mrs. Eby, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jeffery, Mr. and Mrs. R. Rooney, Mrs. Lynn, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobi, Miss Jacobi, Mr. and Mrs. A. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hannah, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie, Mr. and Miss Arnott, Mr. and Mrs. C. Burch, Mr. R. B. and Mrs. Brimer, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. K. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Mills, Dr. and Mrs. S. G. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hobson, the Misses M. and F. Ruthven, Mr. and Mrs. M. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. A. McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. S. Wilson, Miss G. Arnott, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Oliphant, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. Snelgrove, Miss Dack, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Alison, the Misses Alison, Mr. and Mrs. J. Walker, Miss Walker, the Misses Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. Cornell, Dr. and Mrs. P. H. Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Blackley, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie, Mr. and Miss Bolte, Mrs. R. Walsh, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Cotton, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Townsend, Mr. W. Gregg, Miss Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. King, Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. H. Miller, Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. Campbell, Mrs. E. F. McQueston, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rennie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvie, Miss L. Harvie, Mr. and the Misses McKay, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lake, Rev. and Mrs. Paterson, Mr. Conning, Mr. and Miss Finch, Mr. and Mrs. Beemer, Miss Beemer, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Miss E. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Shields, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hannah, Mr. and Mrs. R. Donald, Miss Donald, Mr. and Miss Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. R. Dack, Mr. and Mrs. Larkin, Mr. and Mrs. A. Byson, Mr. Samuels. The music was by the Italian orchestra.

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The dances for the Kermiss, to be held in the Easter week, are progressing most favorably under the direction of Professor Davis, who is spending much time and trouble in perfecting the many difficult steps of the different figures. In the Hungarian, about the most difficult of the dances, comes the step called the greeting, and many of those who at the first rehearsal watched the professor in despair and admiration as he performed this unusual movement, are bravely overcoming their fear and conquering the difficulty.

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The Gipsy, which has lately undergone the change of a fresh set of performers, is a charming dance, the steps are very intricate and graceful and the whole is one perpetual motion. The other dances are the Swedish, Spanish and Lawn Tennis, and all those taking part are striving hard to arrive at perfection.

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A charming representation of Cinderella's ball is to be performed by some eighty children directed and assisted by Professor Davis. Of the Britannia grand spectacular representation and march we must defer a description for a future number.

*

Programmes have entirely gone out of fashion at all the smart dances in England. The dances are announced as they occur and that is enough. By these means the bad manners are obviated of the men who, after a second introduction to a lady, insist upon putting down their name for several dances, when the ladies are probably anxious to reserve those dances for friends who are late. Nothing but the *deux temps* waltz is danced by the Marlborough House set and the hangers-on thereof, and the reverse while waltzing is regarded as the most terrible offense against good taste that it is possible to commit.

*

Mr. J. Harbet of Huron street left on Tuesday for a five months' tour of Europe. He will visit the Paris Exposition as well as friends in England and Scotland.

*

Mr. B. B. Osler and family left for Europe on Wednesday evening, March 27, and expect to be absent three months. They were accompanied as far as New York by Miss Alice Meredith of Rosedale, who goes on a visit to Mrs. Brydges in New Jersey.

*

Mrs. Harry Symons of Howard street gave a progressive euchre party last evening which was a pleasant affair, the booby prize falling to one who has had similar trophies.

*

Miss Addie Sewell of Church street entertained a few of her friends last Tuesday evening to a musicale in honor of her friend, Miss Eleanor Skynner, who is at present staying with her.

*

Miss Gertrude Jones of Beverley street left this week on a visit to New York and will, no doubt, be missed very much by her many friends.

*

Our Ottawa correspondent says: "Ottawa society suffered an undeniable loss in the departure of Mr. Edmond Cowen for Toronto, where it is his intention to undergo a course of medical treatment in connection with a disease of the eye from which he is suffering."

*

The latest social institution in Ottawa is that of Sunday afternoon teas. By some these teas are regarded as being quite *ultra vires*—this constant discussion of the Jesuit question has filled my brain with legal phraseology—of a society whose powers do not extend to Sabbath desecration; but those who hold these views are decidedly in the minority. The argument in favor of these teas is that as Sunday suppers are decidedly unobjectionable, why should an informal tea in the afternoon be any the less so, neither are the hours of divine service nor of Sunday schools being interfered with? On Sunday afternoon last two or three teas were given on Sandy Hill.

*

Capt. and Mrs. Bagot have left Canada, but will return next winter. Mrs. Bagot was the cleverest *violiniste* in Ottawa and took a leading part in an amateur orchestra.

*

Ottawa, it is claimed, has never before been so dull during Lent.

Personal.

Mr. J. F. Murray of the Canadian Bank of Commerce left on the City of Chester for a visit to England.

Miss L. Sanders of Port Hope, who has been spending the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Meyerfey, returned home last Saturday.

Mr. Winnett of the Queen's and Queen's Royal accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Winnett, has sailed for Bermuda to spend a month at the seaside before the opening of the season at Niagara.

The sad news came last week of the death of Colonel Streatfeild, father of the Honorable Mrs. Colville, wife of the Military Secretary; and also father of Capt. Streatfeild, our late Governor-General's very popular Secretary.

Mr. A. F. Webster, agent for the Cunard Line, booked the following Torontonians to sail to-day (Saturday) from New York by the SS. Aurania: Capt. Strong, Mr S. M. Kennedy, Mr. H. P. Harrison, Mr. A. Crawford, Mr. B. B. Cronyn, Mr. H. Thorne, Mrs. Thorne, Miss Wilcocks, Mrs. Hodgins, Miss Hodgins, Mr. R. K. Burgess, Mrs. Burgess, Mr. H. Yelland, Mr. G. H. Teasdale and Mrs. Teasdale.

On Wednesday evening, at the residence of Mr. John Shields on College avenue, Mr. Maxwell R. Gregg of the business department of the *Mail*, was married to Miss Mary Ewart Shields, daughter of the late Mr. Jas. Shields and cousin of Mr. John Shields. The Rev. J. P. Lewis, rector of Grace Church, performed the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom were unattended and the guests were limited to a few personal friends. The bride wore a beautiful gown of white merveilleux satin with pearl trimmings. After the wedding dinner Mr. and Mrs. Gregg left on the 11.45 train for Detroit and other western cities.

Music

The week has been a dull one with nothing to enliven it musically but a couple of lectures under the auspices of the College of Music and the Conservatory of Music respectively. The first of them was by Mr. Clarence Lucas on Beethoven on Thursday evening of last week, a very able discourse with instrumental selections from Beethoven by the lecturer, Mme. Clara Asher-Lucas, Mr. H. M. Field and Mr. A. S. Vogt. The other was by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison on the Evolution of Instrumental Music, also a very thoughtful and interesting essay, which was also illustrated by music played by the lecturer, Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp and Miss Ethelind Thomas.

*

The lull has, however, been broken by the concert of the Choral Society, which took place on Thursday evening, too late for notice in this issue, and which will be followed by the Henschel vocal recital on Monday evening, at which Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will give their incomparable entertainment, for so it has been pronounced by both professionals and public. On Tuesday evening the Jucb-Perotti concert will take place. We have heard and admired Juch and Aus der Ohe, and Perotti is said to be unrivalled as a lyric tenor, so that with the assistance of Victor Herbert, Mme. Herbert Foerster, Miss Von Doenhoff and Sig. Bologna this cannot fail to be a great treat. On Thursday evening, Mr. Torrington's orchestra gives its concert, for which a fine programme of orchestral music has been prepared, interspersed with a brass quartette, solos by Master Georgie Fox, Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Mr. Corell, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Schuch.

*

This, with a quarterly concert by the Conservatory on the Saturday, rounds off a busy week. Speaking of the Conservatory, I have a letter from Mr. Robson in which he tells me that that school has made arrangements to place in Association Hall a large, three-manual pipe organ for the use of its pupils for practice and lessons, when Association hall is not otherwise engaged. Naturally this organ will be available for concerts, etc., and will thus be a great addition to the resources of the hall.

METRONOME.

Sergeants' Mess, Q.O.R.

Thursday night of last week was a "field" night at the mess rooms of the Sergeants of the Queen's Own. The occasion was the anniversary of the regiment's call to active service in the North-West four years ago. Many had been invited and every one invited appeared on the scene to second the efforts of the committee, which had prepared a fine programme of amusement.

At 8.30 Staff Sergeant Harp, the good-looking and efficient chairman of the evening, called the large gathering to order, and in a few well chosen sentences put the meeting on good terms with themselves and all around. But Major Delamere surpassed the chairman in simple eloquence, in fact he was the speech of the evening. He said: "Boys! I'm glad to be here," and "Boys, let's *smile* before entering upon the regular part of the programme." Everyone made for the buffet, and for five minutes the air was redolent with calls for John Collins, Eye Opener, Corpse Reviver, Tangleface, and other miscellaneous cries well-known to those who have been "called to the bar." And then when every moustache had been carefully wiped, and every individual hair manfully consigned to the position assigned to it by the articles of war, the concert was auspiciously opened with a song by Lieut. H. F. Wyatt. Then the immortal address of Serjeant Buzfuz in the memorable trial of Bardell vs. Pickwick, was admirably rendered in character by Mr. W. J. Nelson, who received a well-merited burst of applause at the close of his address. Mr. Somerville's songs added not a little to the amusement of the evening, as did the renderings of the Hatton quartette whose members were encored to each number. Mr. Walter Stewart was there, and the same gentleman caught on with the crowd from the start. I suppose that Anglo-Irishman would be singing his national songs in the mess rooms of the Queen's Own at this moment if the crowd last Thursday night could have had its own way. But the chairman felt called upon to give Stewart Dickey and his banjo a chance, and refuse any further encores. Mr. Dickey's song, There's Something Wrong with the Works, however, restored every one to good humor and paved the way for a rattling good song by Sergeant Dent, and after a well performed jig by Walter Stewart, and the duett with Stewart Dickey, this pleasant concert was brought to a close with God Save the Queen. Great praise is due to Sergeant John Sanson and the members of the committee for the admirable and courteous manner in which everything was carried out. Amongst those present were Major Delamere, Captains Brock and McGee. Messrs. Phillips Stewart, Albert Denison, Archie Mackenzie, John Sanson, Robert Sanson, George Lewis Pringle, Color Sergeants World, McKee, Cooper and Donnelly, Sergeant Owen, Lieutenants Small, Caldwell, Vickers and Lawson, Mr. Eddis, Mr. J. F. Wolke, Master James Lewis and many others whose names I cannot recall.

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How Women Walk.

"She's a very pretty girl, but what an awful walk she has!" is a remark which is often heard, and the truth of it may be exemplified any fine day upon the avenues where women promenade. Although walking is doubtless the most difficult of all movements to perform gracefully, it is nevertheless strange that in this city, so famed at home and abroad for the beauty and grace of its women, so few of them can boast of a graceful carriage.

TAILOR-MADE WALK.

It is now the fad for girls to be healthy and vigorous, to step out like men, to carry the head high, to wear thick-soled boots, mannish ulsters and gaiters, and to carry slender umbrellas as their brothers do their canes. For this reason the girl with the mincing step is not met at every corner as she was a few years ago. She virtually disappeared with the high-heeled French shoes she suffered in; and a very good thing, too, if women would not go to the other equally ungraceful extreme, and waddle, shuffle, stride, rock, strut, and prance as they do now.

During a walk on Broadway the other day a reporter noticed that very few women gave their feet the necessary backward spring for carrying the body lightly and evenly forward. Nearly all walked on their heels and in a deliberate manner, as if they knew it, and were glad of it. Others strode on flat-footed and heavy, with noses in the air and hands clinched as if they meant business, or stepped unevenly as if avoiding imaginary obstacles, or carried their heads craned forward, their step loose and shuffling, and not a few had that walk peculiar to affected women of taking a step and turning the head one way, another step and turning the head another way. But perhaps the most ungraceful walker is the woman who turns her toes in and lets her feet fall with a slouchy, flip-flap motion. Unless the foot is really deformed, this horrible habit can be controlled by walking slowly and with care.

THE PIGEON STRUT.

Woman's disposition has been judged by her palm, face, dress, voice, &c., and why not by her walk? What is more characteristic? As this idea occurred to the reporter a woman passed with a peculiar pigeon-like strut. Her head was inclined very much in advance of her feet, while her body was twisted petulantly from one side to the other, the head always turned the reverse way, as if disclaiming all acquaintance with the rest of the person.

Shortly after this a pretty girl crossed Union Square. Her walk, though not correct as the refinements of movements are understood, was refreshing after the "pigeon strut." She was not more than sixteen or seventeen, and held her head up in a saucy nonchalant manner while she step ped lightly and rapidly along, giving a short spasmodic spring to the foot in the backward movement. She was a school-girl, and this afternoon's walk was probably the dearest recreation of her life. She bought bonbons at Huyler's, a bunch of violets outside of Lord & Taylor's, and stopped to gaze with eager eyes for fully ten minutes at the photographs of celebrities in Ritzmann's window, eating her bonbons the while.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Among various groups of hurrying shop-girls were some who carried themselves with dignity and ease, though walking fast: but, as a rule, they surrendered grace to speed, and got over the ground on their heels, the shoulders strained forward in the effort to walk against time. For this reason most of them swung their arms, or, when they carried muffs, swung their elbows. This movement, though ungainly, is a help when walking fast as it propels the body forward. With women devotees the fashion of walking is much the same. Watching a long line of them filing into a fashionable church, the reporter noticed a self-consciousness of doing right in their general bearing. They wore a calm, Sunday-morning expression, in sympathy with the subdued, sometimes measured steps, with the Prayer book or Bible primly carried, the head held in and eyes sometimes lowered as if in meditation on the vanities of the world.

GOING TO CHURCH.

"You can always tell a real swell girl by her walk," remarked an observant lady the other day: "she goes along so swimmingly and yet doesn't seem conscious of it. She is so light and yet so firm, and there is so much elasticity in her step."

It is easy to tell the girl who has just returned from abroad, even if she says nothing at all about "Paree." One of them was met on Broadway. Her skirt was quite short to display a pair of wonderful Louis XV. heels, long gloves from the Bon Marche were wrinkled on her wrists, she held an umbrella with airy grace, and her two little feet, with no more spring to them than if they were made of wood, peeped in and out as she walked. It was hard to retain that indifferent expression and make one believe those darling shoes were not pinching her frightfully.—*New York World.*

A Literary Curiosity.

In the following little poem each line is a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America. The number of each line refers to the author below.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer—man a flower—
3. By turns we catch the vital breath, and die;
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be.
6. Though all men's lives may seem a tragedy;
7. But light curses speak when mighty exits are dumb;
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joys here no man can betall,
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere;
12. Fortune makes folly its peculiar care.
13. Custom does not often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or short, permit to Heaven;
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sour not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
18. We master grow of that which we depise.
19. Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem!
20. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
21. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
22. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
23. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat—
24. Only destructive to the brave and great.
25. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
26. The way of bliss lies not on beds of down.
27. How long we live not years but actions tell—
28. That man lives twice that lives the first life well.
29. Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
30. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
31. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,
32. For live we how we can, yet die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spenser; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Scott; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Massinger; 18, Cowley; 19, Beattie; 20, Cowper; 21, Sir Walter Davenant; 22, Gray; 23, Willis; 24, Addison; 25, Dryden; 26, Francis Charles; 27, Watkins; 28, Herrick; 29, William Mason; 30, Pitt; 31, Dana; 32, Shakespeare.

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CHAPTER XIV.

"For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And the referee are they formed as marble will;
The weak oppressed, the impressions of strong kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill;
Then call them not the authors of their ill."

Inclination would have led the Theodore Dalbrook to Dorsetshire before the Christmas holidays gave him an excuse for going home; but he wrestled with that inclination, and stayed in the Priory, and to be again *tete-a-tete* with his cousin in the dimly-lighted room where she had talked to him of her own sorrows and of his ambitious. The memory of that last evening was the most vivid element in his life. It stood out like a spot of light against the dull grey of monotonous days, and the burden of dry-as-dust reading. But he had told her that he should not see her until Christmas time, and he was not weak enough to indulge his intense longing for the society of a woman whose heart was in the grave of her husband.

November and the greyish half-tint of December stretched before him, like a long dark road which had to be trodden somehow before he came to the inn at which there would be light and comfort, cheerful voices and friendly greetings. He set his face resolutely towards that dark prospect, and tramped along, doing the work he had to do, living the life of a student in those chambers in Ferret court, which had already taken the stamp of his own character, and looked as if he had lived in them for years.

He had no need to sit alone at night with his books and his lamp, for there were plenty of houses in which he would have welcomed, with his name was a passport in legal circles. Old friends of James Dalbrook's were ready to welcome his kinsman to their tables, eager to be of service to him. He had his friends, and too in the great city, and need not have gone companionless. But he was not in the mood for society of any kind, old or young, except the society of Blackstone, Coke and Justinian, and divers other sages who out of the dim past shed their light upon the legal wilderness of the present. He sat by his fire and read law, and laid down his book only to smoke his meditative pipe and indulge in foolish waking dreams about that grave old house in Dorsetshire and the young widow who lived there.

He had followed two of those three children to the old squire, two out of the three faces in the picture in the hall at Cheriton, to the end of their story. No man could discover any postscript to that story, which in each case was closed by a grave.

There remained only one last unfinished record, the history of the runaway wife, the fond wheneof was open to doubt. That unlucky lady's fate had been accepted upon hearsay. It had been said that she had died at Boulogne, within a year or so after the Vicar met her there.

Upon his return from Jersey Theodore had written to his father's solicitor, and had requested clerk, begging him to hunt up the evidence of Mrs. Darcy's death, so far as it was obtainable at Cheriton and the neighbourhood.

The clerk replied as follows, after an interval of ten days:

"DEAR SIR,—I have been twice to Cheriton, as you wished, with respect to the report of Mrs. Darcy's death, some fifteen years ago, and saw the doctor, Mr. Dolby, and Gaster, at the general shop, who, as you remember, is reputed to be a gentleman who busies himself a good deal about other people's affairs, and sets himself up for being an authority upon most things.

"Mr. Dolby I found very positive in his ideas. He remembered the late vicar telling him about having met Mrs. Darcy in the market place at Boulogne, and being shocked at the change in her. He told Mr. Dolby that he did not think she was long for this world; but it was some time after when Dolby heard of her death, and could not remember who it was—assert that Mrs. Darcy was dead.

"Gaster had much more to say upon the subject. He pretends to be interested in all reminiscences of the Strangways, and boasts of having served Cheriton House for fifty-five years. He remembers the young lady well, she was a little girl, handsome and high-spirited. He remembered the report of her death at Boulogne quite distinctly, and thought she was a little girl, handsome and high-spirited. He remembered the report of her death at Boulogne quite distinctly, and thought he had looked in the newspaper about it, and he remembered mentioning the fact to Lord Cheriton at the time. There was an election going on just then, and his Lordship had looked in to consult him, Joseph Gaster, about certain business details; and his Lordship seemed shocked to hear of the poor lady's death. "I suppose that is the end of the family, my Lord?" Gaster said, and his Lordship replied, "Yes, that is the end of the Strangways."

"Gaster believes that he must have read of the death in the newspapers; perhaps copied from the *Times*. Into a local paper; at any rate the fact had implanted itself in his mind, and it had never occurred to him to doubt it. *

"I asked him if he knew what had become of the lady's husband, but here his mind is a blank. He had heard that the man was a scamp, and that was all he knew about him.

"Since making these inquiries I have spent a long evening at the Literary Institute, where, as you know, there is a set of the *Times*, in volumes, extending over a period of forty years, taking the year in which Gaster thinks he heard of Mrs. Darcy's death, as the middle year out of three, but without result. It is of some unlikely that the death would be advertised if the poor lady died friendless and in poverty in a foreign town; but I thought it my duty to make this investigation.

"Awaiting your further commands, &c., &c."

There was nothing conclusive in this; and Theodore felt that the history of Mrs. Darcy's later years remained to be unravelled. It was not to be supposed that the runaway wife, who, if she were yet living must be an elderly woman, could have lived all her life in the murder of Sir Godfrey Carmichael; but it was not the less a part of his task to trace her story to its final chapter. Then only could he convince Juanita of the wildness of that idea which connected the catastrophe of the 29th of July with the sealed Strangways. Then only could he say to her, "You see that long before that fatal night the Squire's three children had vanished from this earth," she would be constrained to confess that the solution of the mystery was not to be sought here.

He went over to Boulogne, saw the English chaplain, and several of the old residents, and thus explored the cemetery, and examined the record of the dead. He visited the police, and he made friends with the editor of the principal established newspaper; but from all his questioning of various people the result was blank. Nobody remembered a Mrs. Darcy, an English woman of distinguished appearance but fallen fortunes, a woman long past youth and yet not old. If she had lived for a time in Boulogne she had left no trace of her existence behind, or could be discovered; if she had died and been buried there she had left no record among the graves.

Boulogne could tell him nothing. He came back to the great wilderness of London, the rallying point for all wanderers. It was there perhaps that the end of Evelyn Strangway was to be sought.

He had, as it seemed to him, only one clue, the name of her governess. The governess was only seven or eight years older than the pupil, and she might have survived her pupil, and might have been in communication with her till the end. Jasper Crane had told him that there was a strong attachment between Sarah Newton and the wayward girl she taught.

To hunt for a governess among the thousands of portionless gentlewomen who try to live by teaching might seem more hopeless than the proverbial search for the lost needle, but Theodore did not despair. If Miss Newton had remained a spinster and had continued to exercise her vocation as a teacher she might be traced through one of those agencies which transact business between governess and employer; but, on the other hand, if, as was more likely, she had long ago abandoned the profession of teaching and had married an obscure marriage, she would have sunk into the vast ocean of middle-class life, in whose depths it would be almost impossible to dive for her. The first thing to be done was to make a visitation of the agencies, and this task Theodore began two days after his return from Boulogne.

He had methodized his life by this time, devoting a certain portion of his days to his cousin's interests, but in no way neglecting the work he had to do for his own advancement. He had known too many instances of men who had made nothing but an excuse for an idle and desultory life, and he was resolved that his own course should be steady and persistent even to doggedness. He had been called successful at the bar, now nowadays almost unattainable; that the men of the day who had conquered fame and were making great fortunes, were in a manner miraculous men, and that it was futile for any young man to hope to follow in their steps. The road they had trodden was closed against the latecomer. Theodore listened to these pessimists, yet was not discouraged. He had told himself that he would energe somehow from the obscurity of a mere solicitor's practice, would bring himself in some wise nearer the social level of the woman he loved, so that if in the days to come fortune should smile upon him and shine upon that long hopeless love he might be able to say to her, "My place in life is the place your father held when he mortgaged himself to your mother; my determination to conquer fortune is not less than his."

He seldom passed the dingy door of the ground-floor chambers without seeing the names of three briefless ones were painted in dirty letters that had once been white—without thinking of his fortunate kinsman, without wondering what his life had been in those darksome rooms, and in what shape fortune had first appeared to him. He had not married until he was forty, and had lived alone long gone before that golden summer-tide of his life, when a young and lovely woman had given him happiness and fortune. How had he lived in those lonely years? Tradition accused him of miserly habits, of shabby raiment, of patient grinding and scraping to accumulate wealth. Theodore knew that he had hoarded his earnings it had been for a worthy end. He had set himself to win a place among the lords of the soil. The lady he had loved was to him as a mistress, and for that he had been content to live poorly and spend his nights in toil. For an unknown woman he had cherished no but admiration; for he had seen how liberally the man who had scraped and hoarded was able to administer a large income—how generous as a master, friend and patron the sometime miser had shown himself.

He spent more than a week in visiting the numerous agencies which are employed by the great governing fiery as a spirit, to which the painstaking exploration was not altogether barren. He succeeded in finding an elderly spinster who had lived in the family of Miss Newtons on her register at different times, but there was only one Sarah Newton among them, and for this lady she had obtained a situation in the Lake country, where she was in 20, 27—that is to say, about eleven years before the period of Theodore's investigation.

On that date Miss Newton had entered the family of a clergyman—the vicar of a small parish between Ambleside and Bowness. She was living in that family four years afterwards, when Miss Palmer, the principal in the agency, last heard of her.

"And in all probability she is living there still," said Miss Palmer. "At her time of life people are not fond of change. I remember her when she was a young woman, full of energy, and very impatient of control. I used to see her much oftener then. She seldom kept a situation over a twelvemonth."

"Except at Cheriton Chase. She was more than a year in that situation, I think."

"Cheriton Chase! I don't remember the name, someone else may have got her the situation. How long was she there? 20, 27, you suppose?" asked Miss Palmer, turning over one of her neat basil bound registers.

"It was in the year '27 she left Cheriton."

"Ah, then, it was not us who got her the situation. My first entry about her is on the 11th December, '26. She pain her entrance fee of one guinea, so that she was a little higher than that of inferior agencies; but we take real trouble for our clients, and we make it our business to be well acquainted with our people. We are as careful about the families into which we send governesses as about the governesses we send into families."

The next day was Sunday, and Theodore employed the day of rest in traveling by a slow train to Bowness, where he arrived at five o'clock in the evening, to find himself at a lake hidden in the densest grey, and an innkeeper who seemed neither to desire nor deserve visitors. Half the traveler was at the age at which dinner is not a vital question, and he hardly knew the toughness of the steak or the inferiority of the coffee which served him in the desolate coffee-room. He had a diamond Virgil in his pocket, and he sat by the fire reading the sixth book by the paraffin lamp till ten o'clock, and then was comfortably ensconced in a bedroom which suggested ghosts or at least nightmare.

No ghosty visions troubled him, however, for the slow train had brought about a condition of abject weariness which resulted in dreamless slumber. He was awakened by the early bed-chamber when he awoke next morning, and the lake stretched beneath his windows, shining dimly, melting dimly into the grey of the opposite shore. The mountains were asleep still, and only showed their rugged crests above dark rolling clouds; but the scene was unimpeachably picturesque, and Theodore felt instant glimpse of a murky Thames as seen from Ferret-court.

The Lord greeted him in a more cheerful spirit upon Monday morning than he had evinced on Sunday evening when his afternoon tea had been disturbed by a guest whose business-like air and small Gladstone bag did not promise much profit; a visitor who would want a dinner off the joint, most likely, and the attendance of half an hour, whose libations would be limited to bitter beer and an occasional whisky and soda. Such a guest in a house that was hanging to hibernate was a burden rather than a boon.

This morning, however, the landlord was recalled to his duties by a customer, having told his wife that after all "little fish are sweet," and he went blithely to order the dog-cart—his own cart and conveyance—and, in the season, coachman or anything you please out of season—to drive Mr. Dalbrook to Kettisford Vicarage, a nine mile journey.

It was a pretty, old, out-of-the-way nook—half hidden in a cleft of the hills—at which Theodore arrived a few minutes after noon; a little old-fashioned world-forgotten village, and a sprawling old grey stone house, covered with Virginia creeper, passion-flower, and the feathery leafage of the trump-t ash; a long low house with heavily thatched roof, projecting over its upper casements; a sleepy-looking old house in a still sleepier garden, so remote and so secluded that winter had forgotten to come there; and the great yellow roses were still blooming on the wall, fattened by the misty atmosphere of the place, and protected by the untainted air. November was half over, yet here the only signs of autumn were the grey sky, and the crimson glow of the Virginia creeper.

The Vicar of Kettisford was one of those privileged persons who can speak with the'e eminence of the gra'e, assured of being backed up in their speech by a family contingent. The Vicarage had an air of overflowing with young life, the very atmosphere of the hall, where cricket-bats, a tricycle, a row of well-used tennis rackets, a stupendous array of hats, overcoats and comforters, testified to the quiverful so esteemed in the patriarchal age.

A conscientious performer was pounding at the Harmonious Blacksmith upon a wiry piano near at hand, having left the door wide open, with the indecent disregard of other people peculiar to juvenile performers upon all kinds of instruments. From the other side of the hall came the twanging of an equally wiry guitar, upon which girlish fingers began, and for ever re-commenced a Spanish melody, which the performer was striving to achieve by that agonizing process known among young ladies as picking up an air. Mark, reader, if you have ever heard Hawels has to say upon this art of playing by ear!

From a remoter room came young voices and young laughter; and Theodore was somewhat surprised that Mr. Dalbrook had to ring three times, and to wait in front of the open hall door for at least ten minutes, before a young lady in pinafore responded to his summons and ushered him into the Vicar's study, the one room in the vicarage which was ever fit to receive a visitor.

The vicar was reading a newspaper in front of a comfortable fire. He was an elderly man, of genial and even jovial aspect, and he received Mr. Dalbrook's apologetic accounts of himself and his business with perfect humour.

"You want to see Miss Newton, my dear sir. I am sorry to tell you that she left us two years ago—heartly sorry, for Sarah Newton is a very worthy woman, and a jewel of price in a household like mine, sir," said the Vicar. "I regret that you should have come such a long way to find her when, had you written to me, I could have told you where to look for her in London.

"Yes, it was a mistake to come so far without making preliminary inquiries—only, as she had not applied to her usual agency for a new situation, I concluded that she was still under your roof."

"She has not gone into a new situation, Mr. Dalbrook. She was too much valued in this house to wish to change to another employment, although she might have lived more comfortably, and done less work elsewhere. She was a mother to my girls—ay, and to my boys as well—while she was with us; and she poorly left us when she made up her mind to live an independent life."

"She has left off teaching, then, I conclude?"

"Yes. She had a little bit of money left her by a bachelor uncle, safely invested in railway stock, and yielding about two hundred a year. This, with her own savings, made her an independent woman, and she now felt her mind to realize her own ideal of a useful life—an ideal which had been developing in her mind for a great many years—the ideal of being be serviceable to others, and yet pleasant to herself."

"Do you mean that she joined some sisterhood?"

"No, no, Mr. Dalbrook, Sarah Newton is much too fond of her own way, much too independent and fiery as a spirit, to accept the position where other people would think for her, and where she would be obliged to obey. I asked her what her plan of life was. 'I have about two hundred and sixty pounds a year,' she said, 'I can live comfortably upon half that money, if I live alone for my own, and I can do a great deal of good with the other half if I do it in my own way. I am elderly and plain. If I were to live among the poor in London I should be a nobody, and in all probability I should be considered a bore. I shall take a lodging in a poor neighborhood, furnish my rooms with the utmost comfort, treat myself to a good piano, and collect my little library book by book from the second-hand book shops. I shall spend half my days in visiting the poor and helping the young women of the district. I ought to know what girls are after nearly forty years' teaching and managing the speecher and I shall spend half my income in doing as much good to them as I can, in my own orthodox way.' I knew the good, that her little soul had done in this parish, in her quiet, unpretentious fashion, and I felt no doubt she would carry out her plan."

"Have you seen her since she left you?"

"Yes, I saw her last June when I had a fortnight's holiday in London. I found her in a shabby old house in Lambeth, not very far from St. Thomas' Hospital, and by the house looked outside, our good Sally's apartments were the picture of comfort. I found her as happy as a lark. Her plan of life had answered her highest expectations. 'My friends are legion,' she said, 'but I haven't a single gentility among them.' Sally is a desperate democrat, you must know.

"Will you give me her address, that I may write and ask permission to call upon her?"

"I will give you the address, but I know if she will feel disposed to receive you. She will count you among the gentilities.

"I must try my chance at any rate. I want her to give me some light upon the history of one of her earliest pupils. Did you ever hear her talk of Cheriton Chase and the Strangway family?"

"My dear sir, I have heard her talk of any number of places, and any number of people. I used to tell her she must be a female Methuselah to have passed through so many experiences. She was very fond of telling stories of the old times in which she had lived, but I thought I used to listen I remember very little about them. My girls would remember better, I have no doubt. They can give you chapter and verse, if you will. I will send them word to be at home to eat your luncheon with us, and then you can ask them as many questions as you like."

Theodore accepted the offer with gratitude, and ten minutes afterwards followed the vicar into the dining-room, where three tall, good-looking girls were straggling towards the table, assembled, and where a fourth girl and another boy dropped in after the rest were seated. The board was spread with a plentious but homely dish of Irish stew, and a substantial slice of one end of the table, and the remains of yesterday's roast ribs of beef appeared at the other.

The young people were amusingly attentive to dropers in, and received Theodore with perfect equanimity.

The eldest, parved the beef with a commanding wrist, and the third daughter, Laura, administered to his appetite with pickled walnuts and mashed potatoes. The girls were all keenly interested directly he spoke of Miss Newton. They pronounced her a dear old thing, not a bit like a governess.

"We called her, 'said Alicia; 'and we are not the easiest girls to get on with, I can assure you. We have had two poor things since Sally deserted us, and we have driven them both away. And now we are enjoying an interregnum, and we hope the dear father will make it a long one."

"Did you ever hear your governess talk of the Strangways?"

"What, Evelyn Strangway, of Cheriton Chase? I should think we did, indeed," cried Laura. "She had a good many prosy stories—chestnuts, we used to call them—but the Cheriton Chase stories were the most chestnutty. It was her first situation, and she was never tired of talking about it."

"Do you know if she kept up her acquaintance with Miss Strangway after life?" asked Theodore.

"I think not, at any rate she never talked about that. She knew some thing about the poor girl's later life—something very bad, I think—for she would never tell us. She used to sighs and look very unhappy if the subject was touched upon; and she used to warn us against runaway matches. As if any of us would be such idiots as to do anything of the kind!" protested Laura, leaning over the table to pat the vicar's coat-sleeve. "Why he would let us marry chimney-sweeps rather than see us unhappy."

There was a good deal more talk about Sarah Newton, her virtues and her little peculiarities, but nothing bearing upon Theodore's business, so he only stayed till luncheon was finished, and then wished the amiable vicar and his family a friendly good-bye, offering door of one of them in London at any time they might want some small business transacted there, and begging the vicar to look him up at his chambers when he took his next holiday.

"You may rely upon it I shall take you at your word," said the parson cheerily. "You've no idea how a day old dog I am when I am in town—the theater every night, and a little bit of supper afterwards. I generally take one of my lads with me, though, to keep me out of mischief. Good-bye, and mind you don't fall in love with Sally Newton. She's old and ugly, but she is one of the most fascinating women I know."

Theodore drove off in the dog-cart with all the vicarage family at the gate waving their hands to him, as if he had been an old friend, and with four vicarage dogs barking at him.

He went back to London on that night, and wrote to Miss Newton, asking to call upon her upon a matter relating to one of her old pupils on the following day. He should take silence to mean consent, and would be with her at four in the afternoon, if he did not receive a telegram to forbid him.

He worked in his chambers all the morning, and at a little after three drove to Lambeth. The address was 51 Wedgewood street, near the Lambeth road. It was not a long walk, and it was not a pleasant one, for a miserable fog was gathering in-doors. Theodore left the Temple, and it thickened as he crossed Westminster bridge, where the newly lighted lamps made patches of yellow light in the dull brown atmosphere. Under these conditions it took him some time to find Wedgewood street, and he was thankful when he hailed which had the honor of sheltering Sarah Newton.

It was a very shabby old street. The shops were of the meanest order, and the houses which were mostly let lodgings, looked as if they were mostly let off to the struggling class of lodgers; but it was a street that had evidently seen better days, for the houses were large and sub stantial, and had been built at a time when one been handsome and architectural—houses which had been the homes of prosperous citizens in the days when London was out of town, and when the perfume of bean blossom and new-mown hay found its way into Wedgewood street.

The ground floor of No. 51 was occupied by a shoemaker—a shoemaker who had turned his parlor into a shop, who made to measure, but was also a very accurate repairer neatly, for a front door being open, Theodore walked straight upstairs to the first-floor landing, where there was a neat little Dutiton-ware oil-lamp burning on a little bracket, and where he took to be Miss Newton's name painted in bold black letters upon a terra-cotta colored door. The name was painted on a card, and there are in such a house, and the landing was spotless.

He rang a bell, and the door was promptly opened by a lady who he took to be Miss Newton. She was rather below middle height, strongly built, but of a neat, compact figure. She was decidedly plain, and her iron grey hair was smooth and wiry; but she had large bright eyes which beamed with good nature and intelligence. Her black stuff gown and narrow linen collar and cuffs were rigidly neat, and her cuffs and the linen cuffs turned back over perfectly fitting sleeves, were all the perfection of neatness, and suited her as no other kind of dress would have suited him, with her bright eyes, and the small white hands made a favorable impression upon Theodore. In spite of the lady's homeliness of feature and complexion.

"Walk in, Mr. Dalbrook," she said cheerily. "Pray come and sit by the fire. You must be chilled to the bone after coming through that horrid fog. Ah, how I hate fog. It is the scourge of the London poor, and it sometimes kills even the rich. And now I know what is at the beginning of the evil, and there is the long winter before us."

"Yes, it is very bad, no doubt; but you do not look as if the fog could do you much harm, Miss Newton."

"No, it won't hurt me. I'm a hardy old plant, and I contrive to make myself comfortable at all seasons."

"You do, indeed," he answered, glancing round the room. "I had no idea——"

"That anybody could be so comfortable in Lambeth," she said, interpreting his thoughts. "Well, people think they must pay for what they call 'a good situation.' Poor pinched widows and shabby spinsters spend more than half their income on rent and taxes, and starve on the remnant. I chose my lot in this quietest locality—some dingy little street in Pimlico perhaps, or a stucco terrace in Kensington. Here am I with my two rooms, in a forgotten old street, which was built before the age of shoddy. I live among poor people, and may not oblige them by a sixpence now for the sake of appearances. I buy everything in the cheapest market, and my neighbors look up to me, instead of looking down upon me, as they might if I lived among people who, as you say, perhaps, that I live in the midst of dirt and squalor. If I do I take care that none of it ever comes near me, and I find all this one woman's voice and one woman's pen can do to lessen the evils that I see about me."

"It would be a good thing for poor neighborhoods if there were more ladies of your mind, Miss Newton," said Theodore, basking in the glow of the fire, and looking lazily round the room, which was a little crowded, because, filling the recesses on each side of the fireplace, its brackets and shelves, and hanging pockets, its large old-fashioned sofa, and substantial old-fashioned chairs, had been all carefully cushioned with bright color, its lamps and candlesticks on shelf and bracket, ready to hand, and every extra light should be wanted, its contrivances and handinesses of all kinds, which denoted the womanly inventiveness of the spinster.

"Well, I believe it would. If only a small percentage of the lonely spinsters of England would make their abode among the poor, things would be a good deal better, because they could not be such crying evils as there are if there were more eyes to see them, and more voices to cry out against them. You like this old room to see them, and more voices to cry out against them. You like this old room to see them, and see, Mr. Dalbrook," added Sarah Newton, with a little laugh as they surveyed the dark red wall against which the brackets and shelves, and books and photographs, and bits of old china stood out in bright relief.

"I am half afraid it looks cheap basket."

"It is all my own work. I had lived in other people's houses so long that I was charmed to have a home of my own, and I determined I was determined to spend very little money, and yet to make myself comfortable; so I just squatted in the next room for the first three months, with only a bedstead, a table, and a chair or two, while I prowled all over London to find just the furniture I wanted. There's not an article in the room I did not take me weeks to find and to buy, and there's not an article that wasn't a tremendous bargain. But what an egotistical old prattler I am! Women who live much alone get to be dreadful prosers—I won't say another word about myself—at any rate not till after I've made you a cup of tea after your cold walk."

She had seen the mud upon his boots and guessed that he had walked from the Temple.

"Say do not take any trouble——

"Nonsense; it is never trouble to a woman to make tea. I give a tea party twice a week. I hope you like tea?"

"I adore it; but pray go on with your account of how you settled down here. I am warmly interested."

"That's very good of you—but there's not much to tell about myself," said Miss Newton, producing another prettily old china cup of antique cupboard with glass doors, and setting out a little brass tea tray while she talked. There was a small cooking stove hanging on the old-fashioned hob, and there was a covered dish of toast in the capacious fender. Miss Newton's dinners were of the slightest, but she was a sybarite as to her tea. No cheap and nasty powdery mixture; no inferior Dosset for her. She made her brew with a dainty precision which Theodore admired, while she was talking to him.

"Do you like the color of the walls? Yes, I painted them. And you like that paper on the ceiling? I papered it. I am rather a dab at carpentering, too and I put up all these shelves and brackets, and I covered the chairs and stained those boards round that old Turkey carpet; and then, after a day's hard work, it was very pleasant to go and stroll about among the bookshops of an evening and pick up a volume here and there till I got all my old friends about me. I felt like Eila; only I had no Bridget to share my pleasures."

She seated herself opposite to him with a wicker table to front of her, and began to pour out the tea. He wondered to find himself as much at home with her as if he had known her all his life.

"It is very good of you to receive me so cordially," he said, presently. "I feel that I come to you as an unauthorized intruder."

"Can you guess why I was willing to receive you?" she asked, looking at him intently and with a sudden gravity. "Can you guess why I didn't telegraph to forbid you to come?"

"Indeed, no, except because you are naturally kind."

"My kindness had nothing to do with it. was willing to see you because of your name. It is a very familiar name to me—Dalbrook, the name of the man who bought the estate in which she was born. Poor soul, how she must have hated him, in her desolate after years—how she must have hated the face that ousted her from the house she loved."

"You are talking of Evelyn Strangway!"

"Yes, she was my first pupil, and I was very fond of her—fond of her in spite of herself, because she was wayward and difficult to manage; and because I was much too young and inexperienced to exercise any authority over her."

"It is of her I want to talk to you, if you will allow me."

"Certainly. I like talking of those old days when I was a girl. I don't suppose I was particularly happy at Cheriton Chase; but I was young, and we made much of us that delusion, and believe we were happy in our youth. Poor Evelyn—so often in disgrace—so often unhappy, from the day she got spoiled. What reason can you have for being curious about her?

"I have a very strong reason, though I cannot explain it yet awhile. I have to myself to discover the history of that banished race."

"After the angel with the flaming sword stood at the gate—that is to say, after Mr. Dalbrook bought the property. By-the-bye, what are you to Lord Cheriton? His son perhaps?

"No, I am a distant cousin."

"Is it on his account that you are making the inquiries?"

"He is not aware that I am making them."

"Then, I suppose, how did you find me out? My tea parties are not recorded in the society papers. I have never figured among celebrities at home."

"I took some pains to find you," said Theodore, and then he told her of his visits to the agencies, and his journey to the Vicarage in Cakeland.

"You have taken infinite trouble, and for so small a result. I can give you very little information about Evelyn Strangway—afterwards Mrs. Darcy."

"Did you lose sight of her after you left Cheriton?"

"Yes, for a long time. It was years before we met again; but she wrote to me several times from Lausanne, during the first year of her married life, and she was very bitter, complaining bitterly of her father's cruelty in keeping her away from her beloved Cheriton—the woods and dogs, the old house, the school she detested. She was clever, but she had no taste for intellectual pursuits. She soon wearied of the lake and the mountains, and the picturesque scenery of the land of Vaud. She wro'e of herself as a galley-slave. Then came a sudden change, and she began to write about him. You don't know how she first met a young Irishman at a little evening party, and they had laughed together at Lausanne society. He was an officer on furlough, full of wit and fun, and she fancied you like him. I saw her danger and warned her; I reminded her that her father would never allow her to marry a subaltern in a marching regiment, and that such a marriage would mean starvation. Her father could give her nothing; it was incumbent on her to make a good match with her attractions she had only to wait for a good offer. It would inevitably come in due time."

"She was handsome, I suppose? I know her face in the drawing-room. My cousin bought all the old portraits."

"She was much handsomer than the picture. That was painted when she was only fifteen, but at seventeen her beauty had developed, and she was one of the most brilliant blondes I ever saw. Well, I suppose you know the rest—less my advice was. She ran away with her Irish ensign, and I heard no more of her for nearly four years, when I met her one afternoon in the Strand, and she took me home to Berkeley ing in Cecil street, and gave me some tea. It was in October, and I stayed with her till dark, and then insisted on her coming out of the omnibus to Haverstock hill, where I was then living in an artist's family. The lodgings were shabby, and she was shabbily dressed. She was as handsome as ever, but she looked worried and unhappy. Her husband had sold out of the army, and had a position as secretary to a nobleman in Ireland.

"She told me that they would have been pretty well off but for his extravagance. He was getting deeply involved, and she was, had no children. She complained that it was her fate to be allied with spendthrifts. Her father had squandered his fortune, and her husband's improvident habits kept her in continual debt and difficulty. It grieved me to see the shabbiness of her surroundings—the squalid lodging-house parlor, without one single touch of flowers or a stand of books to show that it was in the occupation of a lady. There was a cheap piano in the apartment, and there was a heap of newspapers on the sofa, and a pair of shabby slippers inside the fender. It was a room to make one ahudder. I fancied that she was reconciled to her father, and she said no; she had heard nothing of him since her marriage. I felt very unhappy about her after we parted. I remembered a little girl I saw her standing on the pavement as the omnibus drove away, a tall, slim figure, distinguished-looking, in a velvet jacket, a velvet tam and rusty black silk gown. I had promised to go and see her again, though I was very seldom at liberty at the time, and I went to Cecil street two or three times in the course of the winter, but she was always out, and there was something in the tone of her letters that made me feel that she did not wish to see me again, though I believe she was fond of me always, poor soul. I saw nothing more of her, and heard nothing until nearly four years afterwards, when I was spending an afternoon at Richmond with my pupils—two girls of fourteen and sixteen—and I came face to face with her in front of Thomson's Seat. She was with a tall, handsome man, whom at first I took to be her husband; but there was something in the manner of both of them that impressed me uncomfortably, and I began to fear that this

was not her husband. She looked better and brighter than when I saw her in Cecil street, and she was better dressed—very plainly, but in excellent taste. She took me aside a little way while her companion stood and talked to the two girls. She put her arm through mine in her old caressing way, and then she said abruptly, 'I almost wonder that you will speak to me.' I thought you would have cut me dead.' I looked puzzled, no doubt, so she said, 'Perhaps you don't know what a lost creature I am. Perhaps you have not heard.' I told her I had heard nothing about her since we parted at Hungerford Market, and then she gave a deep sigh, and said, 'Well, I am not going to deceive you. That,' with a nod of her head towards the man who was standing with his back to us, 'is not my husband, but he and I are bound together for the rest of our lives, and we are perfectly happy together. Society would scorn us and trample upon us, no doubt, if we gave it a chance; but we don't. We live out of the world, and we live for one another. Now, aren't you shocked with me? Don't you want to run?' she asked, with a little laugh which I knew was more hysterical than mirthful. I told her that I was very sorry for her. I could say no more than that. 'You would be sorrier still if you could picture to yourself the miserable life I led before I left my husband,' she added. 'I bore it for five years—years that were like an eternity. He cared for me no more than for the flower girls in the street. He left me to pine in my dingy lodging—left me to be dunned and worried all day long—left me out at elbows, ashamed of my own shabbiness, while he amused himself at his club; and then he thought himself cruelly used when he found out there was another man in the world who thought me worth caring for, and when I told him I loved that man with all my heart. My leaving him was the impulse of a moment. The moment came when I felt mad and desperate, and I ran out of the house in despair, and jumped into the first cab I could hail, and drove away to Paris, pointing to the man in the distance, strolling beside my two gawky girls, and to happiness. I am a wicked wretch, no doubt, to be happy under such circumstances, but I am; or, at any rate, as happy as anybody can hope to be in this world. There is always a thorn among the flowers,' she sighed, as if the thorn were a big one, I thought. 'I suppose I shall never see you again,' she said. 'When we say good-bye presently it will be farewell forever.' I told her that was not inevitable. I was my own mistress, free to choose my friends. I told her that I was in some wise answerable for the bad turn her life had taken, for had I been a more judicious counsellor I might have guided her better—might have prevented her coming into collision with her father. I asked her for her address, but she told me she had promised to tell nobody where she lived. 'We are living out of the world,' she said; 'we have no visitors, no friends or acquaintances.' She clasped my hands, kissed me, and hurried away to rejoin the man, whose name I never learned. He lifted his hat to me and the girls, and they walked away together towards the Star and Garter, leaving us standing by Thomson's Seat, staring idly at the landscape in the summer sunlight. I felt dazed as I stood there, looking down into that lovely valley. It had been a terrible shock to me to meet her again under such circumstances.

(To be Continued.)

They Stick Together.

There are at Horrow, as at every other large school, many traditions which are handed down from generation to generation of boys, of their predecessors, who are usually represented as little short of demi-gods. One of them, said to be fact, occurred during the head mastership of the late Rev. Dr. Vaughan, one of Harrow's greatest benefactors, who brought the school to its present state. It is necessary, first, to mention that from time immemorial tail coats have been worn by the upper-form boys. One night as the head master was walking out, he saw a boy who, contrary to rules, was also enjoying an evening stroll. On the boy taking to his heels he immediately gave chase, and was so successful as to get possession of one tail of his coat. He thought he would therefore be able to catch the culprit the next morning in form; but what was his surprise when the whole form came in minus one tail!

Striking a Trade.

Bowery tooth-artist—"Anything I can do for you, my friend?"
Mr. Stubbles—"I dunno. What d' yer ask fer that air milkin'-stool?"—*Judge.*

Very Hard Indeed.

A young gentleman paid his addresses to a young lady, by whose mother he was unfavorably received.

"How hard," said he to the young lady, "to separate those whom love has united!"

"Very hard, indeed," replied she, with great innocence, at the same time throwing her arms around his neck; "and so mother will find it."

A Felicitous Turn.

Brown—Well, Jones, have you succeeded in capturing Miss Smith's hand, yet?

Jones—Not exactly her hand, but I got the next thing to it.

Brown—Ah!

Jones—Yes, I got the mitten.

What the Wives Hear.

Merchant's wife (at home)—You have been drinking again.

Wholesale merchant (apologetically)—Couldn't help it, m'dear. Mr. Surepay, of Podunk, wash in city buying goods to-day, and only way (hic) could hold his trade was by (hic) drinking with him. Awful sot, that Surepay.

Mrs. Surepay (at a hotel)—Goodness me! Josiah, you have been drinking.

Mr. Surepay—Wasbn't my fault, m'dear. These'ere city merchants can't shell a man bill o' goods without stophin' to drink every five minutes. Never shaw such topers.

No Cat Needed.

Bridget—Sure, now, yez don't mane ter say yer livin' in a family phere there ain't no cat. Who kin ye blame things on?

Ann—The childer'.

"Oh, it's foolin' ye are."

"They aren't her own childer'; they're the master's."

Two Rosebuds.

"Go away! We haven't anything for such as you."

Down on her knees in the strawberry bed, little Pearl hears the rough words, and like a flash she springs to her feet. A minute later she stands before the speaker, with cheeks flushed with indignation.

"Bridget, how can you speak so to a poor, lame man! You know how angry aunty would be!"

But Bridget holds her ground.

"Miss Pearl, the man's a tramp—besides, he's been drinking."

At the hateful word Pearl shrinks back.

A dark flush springs to the young man's face as he hears and sees the child's instinctive action.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, but I am not a beggar. I stopped to ask for a drink of water."

He turns as he speaks, and leaning heavily upon his crutch, walks away.

"I tell you, Miss Pearl, I can see it in his face as well as smell it in his breath—he's surely been drinking. He isn't worth your pity."

Little Pearl's innocent mind dreads with a terrible shrinking any contact with evil; but now, notwithstanding Bridget's words, her generous impulse urges her forward too strongly to be resisted.

Slowly down the path the tramp is plodding, when suddenly a light step pauses by his side and a soft hand is laid on his.

"Poor man, wait a minute," little Pearl says, in her bird-like voice. "I want to tell you how sorry I am you were spoken so rudely to. Can I not do something for you? Here, this money is all my own. Please take it."

As he puts back with a gesture of refusal the little hand holding the silver coins, he gazes with amazement at the beautiful childish face, with its expression of angelic pity.

"Why did you follow me?" he exclaims, almost roughly. "Your servant was right. I am not fit for such as you to speak kindly to."

Then a sudden softness comes into his eyes as he goes on, hurriedly:

"All the same, I thank you. Little girl, yours are the first kindly words which have met my ear for many a weary day."

A white rosebud had broken from its stem, and fallen from the child's belt to the ground. The tramp sees it, and stooping, picks it up; then, pushing open the gate, he steps out into the road.

Though old Miss Barbara Lynton is not little Pearl's aunt by ties of blood, no stronger affection could exist in human heart than she bears for the child who was placed when an infant in her arms by a dying friend. So, with the tenderest care, Pearl has been nurtured, and surrounded by all the luxuries that go to make life pleasant.

Ten years have gone by since we first met little Pearl. She is a child no longer, but a maiden of eighteen; and now for the first time she learns what trouble is. Suddenly, like a thief in the night, Death comes to their tranquil fireside, and lays his cold fingers upon Miss Barbara's eyelids. They find her in the morning, with the same smile upon her face that it wore when she fell asleep, but her wakening will not be in this world.

Stunned into apathy by her loss, Pearl takes no heed of passing events until the question is forced upon her: What is she going to do?

There is no will and the property goes through the law to a brother of the deceased whom Pearl has never seen, though she has heard of his grim nature and morose ways.

So little, inexperienced Pearl is thrown out into the great world to fight a stern battle with want, until after a time she succeeds in finding work to do in teaching the numerous small scions of a wealthy family. But here is not the romance of governesshood, and the end of the year sees a sad change in the rosy-cheeked, radiant-eyed girl. Her health, never rugged, suddenly gives way; and when at last, sick and all but penniless, not knowing where to turn, a letter comes to her from the owner of "Lynhurst," telling her that he had only recently learned of her friendless situation, and offering her a home at "Lynhurst" as long as she chooses to remain, Pearl has no resource but to write an acceptance. Though she remembers vividly his unpromising character as drawn by her dear benefactress, like a storm-beaten dove she cannot help but flutter towards the first shelter.

"Let me know when you decide to come," the letter says, "and my housekeeper, Mrs. Allen, will meet you at the station."

At her first glimpse of Mrs. Allen's benignant face, with its frame of silver hair, Pearl feels a sudden lightening at her heart.

Half an hour later, from out the Lynhurst carriage, steps a slight, childish figure with a pale, wan face.

But this cannot be the stern master of Lynhurst—the brother whose surly nature even Miss Barbara had never been able to keep friendly with—this tall, young looking man, with the dark, pleasant eyes, who now holds her hand with a few words of greeting.

"I see," he says, "that you have not heard of my father's death. It occurred six months ago. Ever since I learned that my aunt Barbara's sudden demise had left you unprovided for, I have searched diligently to learn your whereabouts, and until lately unsuccessfully."

"I never knew that old Mr. Lynton was a married man," Pearl says to Mrs. Allen, as some time later they were alone together.

And then Mrs. Allen tells her a strange story. How that in his young days, when abroad, old Mr. Lynton had fancied and married a beautiful Spanish maiden, of whom he had soon tired and whom he had deserted, and how from that time till the day of his death no one had ever known of the fact that there was a son living in ignorance of his inheritance.

Feeling the pangs of dissolution approaching, the grim old man had been suddenly stricken with remorse, and confessed all. The lawyers had experienced no little difficulty in tracing the heir, who had led a roving life; but at length success had crowned their efforts.

"And he's a likely young man, as you see," the old lady concludes; "and I am sure a nobler, kinder one than he never lived."

The bracing air and the entire freedom from care before long bring back a tint of the old rich bloom to Pearl's cheek. She finds a congenial spirit in Mrs. Allen, and the days flit by quietly and pleasantly. The master of Lynhurst is kept very busy by the cares of his estate; but occasionally he joins their group, and in listening to his entertaining conversation Pearl is surprised to find how like magic the hours fly.

Six months have gone by and Pearl feels quite her old self again, and with her returning strength her pride tells her with a stern, commanding voice that it is not for her to ever any longer the bread of dependence—she must be up and doing. When she left them her former matrons had signified their willingness to have her return to her position again, whenever she wished to do so, and to them Pearl now writes that, having regained their health, she is ready to resume her duties once more. At first Mrs. Allen demurs strongly, but Pearl is decided.

It is the evening before the day the afternoon of which is to see her departure from the hospitable shelter of Lynhurst.

Pearl is sitting in the library fire, while at a little distance, busy with his papers, is Mr. Lynton. Mrs. Allen is away attending to some household duty.

Mr. Lynton's pen pauses; then pushing aside his writing he turns and faces Pearl.

"So you are to leave us to-morrow, Miss Pearl? We shall miss you very, very much."

There is an earnest warmth in his tones which goes straight to the lonely girl's heart.

"And I shall miss you," she replies. "I have grown to love Mrs. Allen almost as well as I did your dear aunt, and I feel that but for your kindness I would not now be as I am—a living, healthy woman."

He rises abruptly to his feet and comes to her side.

"Pearl!" he exclaims, "oh, little one! have you not seen—do you not know—that I love you? Do not leave Lynhurst. Stay—stay as my wife!"

Pearl looks up, but her eyes soon sink beneath the passion which glows in the sombre orbs bent upon her, while, like a lightning flash, the truth, which she has never even suspected before, is revealed to her, told by the quick, responsive thrills which quiver through all her pulses at his words, that in the short time she has known him she has grown to feel towards Paul Lynton something more than mere friendliness.

"But no—do not answer me yet!" he exclaims. "I have been too hasty. I have something to tell you."

As he speaks he draws from his pocket a paper which he carefully unfolds. In it lies a tiny, withered rosebud.

"Years ago" he says, "this belonged to a child who from pity had followed to speak kindly to a poor, crippled man who had been rudly driven from her door."

Into Pearl's eyes, fixed upon his face, suddenly comes a look of dawning recognition which deepens to one of startled conviction as he goes on:

"That child was yourself—that man, crippled by an accident received when the evil demon of drink had benumbed his faculties, was myself."

A little cry bursts from the girl's lips, as with an irrepressible movement, she shrinks away from him.

"Oh, why do you tell me this?" she exclaims. "You, whom I have always thought so noble—that man—a drunkard! Oh, it cannot be true!"

His enforced calmness deserts him.

"Oh, Pearl," he cries, "you were pitiful when a child; do not be cruel now! Think a moment and ask yourself if it was so very strange that, deserted by an unnatural father—left alone in the world when a mere boy—buffeted from pillar to post—loved by none—you should drift into evil habits? Until your childish hand touched mine, your sweet voice fell upon my ear, I had not known what gentleness and kindness were. Your purity and innocence, contrasted with my own self, made me think seriously for the first time. I was not old—barely twenty-one, and from that moment I determined to begin a new life. When I left the hospital (to which I was on my way) with my injured limb healed, I set my face sternly against my former habits. I worked hard, I studied harder, and I arose to be a man, purged through suffering, and all the stronger for that he had suffered. Now you know all. I have told you that I love you—that my most cherished desire is to call you my wife. Oh, Pearl! what is my answer to be?"

All through his words Pearl had sat quietly, with down-cast eyes; but her mind has been a whirl of conflicting emotions. Does she love this man enough to forget his degraded past?

He waits a moment; then, as she does not speak, he rises and draws from a vase a red, half-opened rose, and lays it in her hand.

"I will not press for an answer now," he says, gently. "To-morrow you leave Lynhurst; if you will consent to return some time as its fondly-loved mistress, come in the morning and lay this rose on my book, here at my desk. I will look for it; if it is not there I will understand."

He is gone, and for a long time Pearl sits gazing thoughtfully into the fire. Then she rises and goes slowly to her own room.

Pearl has been taught to regard marriage as a sacred thing—not to be entered into lightly.

She cannot now bring herself so suddenly to decide about what must sup for one so woe her whole future life. So in the morning, when Paul Lynton looks for the rose, it is not there.

He does not seek Pearl, and therefore does not see her until the carriage is waiting at the door to take her away. Then, with a single hand-clasp, they part. Mrs. Allen's old eyes, blinded by tears, do not notice the look of suppressed pain which darkens Mr. Lynton's face, nor the restless expression which fills Pearl's eyes.

A year goes slowly by. Pearl often hears from Mrs. Allen, and one day a letter comes which brings the hot tears to her eyes. The master of Lynhurst is lying sick unto death!

"This is how it happened," Mrs. Allen writes (and the papers is all blotted by her tears): "A child was playing in the road, when a runaway horse came in mad career straight towards it. Mr. Lynton was near and saw the peril, and reached the little one in time to save it, but only to be struck down himself by the iron hoofs. The doctors give but little hope, but if there is a change for the better you shall hear of it at once."

At last—now it is too late—Pearl knows her own heart, and feels that should this precious life go out, all her own happiness will depart with it.

A week later, hope unfurls her radiant banner.

"He is some easier," the word comes. Then: "He is much better." Then: "The doctors pronounce him out of danger."

Down on her knees falls Pearl. God be thanked! he will live, and she can yet tell him that, if he still wishes it, it shall be her task to make up in the future for all the sufferings of his bitter past.

Paul is convalescent, and for the first time has left his room and come down into the pleasant library. As he leans back in his easy chair by the open window, the soft breeze, lifting the dark hair from his temples, shows how changed and pale he is.

Someone standing in the doorway sees, and with a little inarticulate cry springs to his side.

He looks up, and there before him stands Pearl.

There is no need to ask why or for what she has come, for a dewy bright mess is in her blue eyes, and the delicate hue on her cheek only glows the crimson of the rose she lays in his hand.

"I can only stay with you a little while now," she whispers, softly, as unrestricted, he clasps her to his heart; "but if you wish it, I will come never to go again."

"And you can forget the wretched past, my darling? You can forget that once I was not worthy to touch your hand?"

"No," she answers, "not so; but in remembering I shall feel that he who conquereth himself is more than a hero."

A Terrible Dilemma.

First Russian Subject—"In a recent railroad accident the Czar's dog was killed, but the Czar escaped. Shall we look glad or sorry in public?"

Second Subject—"If we look glad, the police will say it is because the Czar's favorite dog was killed; if we look sorry, they will say it is because it was the dog and not the Czar that was killed. Either way we are lost. See you later in Siberia."

The Tear Handkerchief.

In some parts of the Tyrol a peculiar and beautiful custom prevails among the peasantry. When a peasant girl is going to be married, before she leaves her home to go to the church, her mother gives her a handkerchief, which is called the tear handkerchief. It is made of newly-spun linen, and has never been used. She is supposed to dry her tears with this when she leaves her home and when she stands at the altar. After the ceremony is ended and the bride has gone with her husband to her new home, she carefully folds up the new handkerchief and places it unwashed among her little treasures. So far it has done only half its duty. Her children grow up, marry, and go away to new homes, each daughter receiving in her turn a new tear handkerchief, and yet the last present, the present received from her mother, has not fulfilled its object. Years roll by, and the once young and blooming bride becomes a wrinkled old woman, and outlives, perhaps, her husband and all her children. At last, when the weary eyelids are closed for their long sleep, the tear handkerchief is taken from its resting place and spread over the plaid features of the dead.

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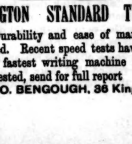

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Pampered Children.

There are few advocates nowadays of the brutal harshness and severity in the treatment of children which was commonly not only practiced, but approved, on religious and moral grounds a generation or so since. Solomon's warning as to the consequence of sparing the rod is little heeded either in spirit or letter. Indulgence of children is the rule and strict discipline the exception. In the main the change is for the better, for if laxity and over-indulgence sometimes result in fostering idle and dissipated habits, many an otherwise promising youth has been driven to the bad by excessive strictness and harsh treatment. Still the tendency of to-day to pamper and coddle the young is undoubtedly being carried too far. Nobody wishes for a return to the old brutal methods of education, but there is surely some medium between these and the plan of letting children have everything they want and do everything they like and nothing that they don't like. The mother will slave at the wash-tub and the ironing-board all day while her daughters are gadding about the streets in fashionable attire or reading novels in the parlor. The family will skimp and scrape that the son at college may have a great deal more pocket-money to spend than is either necessary or good for him. Why should the parents bear all the burden of life and the growing sons and daughters be exempt? If there is toil or privation necessary to be endured, it is false kindness for the parents to take it all on themselves. Let the young people share it. Let them help as soon as they are able to contribute to the family resources and learn to do something useful. The father who pampers his children too much by a training which encourages a thousand artificial wants without bestowing the means of satisfying one of them arms them very poorly for the battle of life. When they have to provide for themselves they will be beaten at every turn by those of tougher fibre who have had to "hustle from the word go" ever since leaving their cradles.

Concentrate Your Efforts.

Despite the old saying of the danger of "carrying too many eggs in one basket," it is probable that more failures in life on the part of men otherwise well-equipped and diligent have resulted from want of concentration than from the opposite course. We all know the universal genius—the fellow who knows everything and can do everything—who is at home on questions of law, finance, metaphysics, art, politics, literature and science—who has tried half a dozen careers and not succeeded in any of them simply because he did not stick to his chosen line of action, but dissipated his efforts in several directions. It is seldom that men of this class fulfil the brilliant promise of their college days. Like Pope's

> Clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
> Who pens a stanza when he should engross,

they have no sooner got a piece of work of one sort cut out for them sufficient to tax all their energies for the time than their minds wander from it to some other undertaking in which they are interested. The men who accomplish anything in this world are nearly always those who know how to concentrate their powers on some one special object. They do not necessarily men of one idea, but they realize that the task to which they have set their hands should have their undivided attention if it is to succeed. The slow, careful plodder who narrows his endeavors to the accomplishment of a particular thing—to the mastering of the details of one business will nine times out of ten beat the brilliant and talented man who thinks himself able by virtue of superior natural gifts to have several irons in the fire. Socially considered the universal genius is of course far the more interesting and agreeable personage, but it is the man of concentration and steady application in one direction who in the end succeeds. It is not necessary that a man should carry the principle to such an extreme as to talk and think of nothing else, that he should narrow his mind by incessant devotion to his main pursuit. But it is quite possible to retain a broad outlook on life and an interest in general culture, without frittering away one's serious efforts in various directions to the detriment of the special aim in view.

Go to the Foundation.

I would have the teachers study the heart and endeavor to implant right motives—to go to the very root and establish sound principle. Outward goodness is a mere shell, the shadow of a shade. There must be something within, or it has no substance. Such goodness will only follow religion, like one of John Bunyan's characters, while it wears its silver slippers. Such goodness falls in the hour of temptation. It reminds one of the Oriental tale Lord Bacon tells of, where a cat was changed to a lady, and she behaved very lady-like till a mouse ran through the room, when she sprang down upon her hands and chased it. So with children; if their goodness is only an outward thing, when temptation comes they will down and follow. Give them right motives, sound principles, and they will be firm. In after life the waves of affliction may howl around them, but they will stand serene amid the tempest.

Col. Sinn's Brooklyn Park Theater Company is unfortunate in the time of its coming to the Grand Opera House. After the brilliance of Coquelin, Marlowe, and Sothern, its light is as a lamp low set upon anything but a hill. Col. Sinn's Brooklyn Park Theater Company is also unfortunate in its composition, which, to say the least, is decidedly mediocre in character. Col. Sinn is the burly, broad-shouldered husband of Cora Tanner, and a terror to the dudes who succumb to the Fascination of his handsome golden-haired wife and endeavor to pay her some attention. Fascination is the latest production of the alleged author of Alone in London, Mr. Robert Buchanan, and those who saw it when Cora Tanner played it here a few weeks ago must concede that it is a piece of stagecraft somewhat superior to the piece that has been dragging its weary length along in the Grand this week. Mr. Buchanan has got beyond the apprenticeship stage. The plot of Alone in London is, briefly, as follows: An English country girl rejects her peasant lover for a London adventurer. They are married. He leads a life of dishonesty with all its ups and downs, leaving her to suffer much privation and distress. In this condition she is found by her old lover, who rescues her from the Thames when her husband attempts to drown her, and assists her in foiling the schemes of her husband's gang to rob a wealthy banker who had befriended her. On this occasion the husband attempts to stab his wife, but has the knife turned against himself and is most opportunely killed. The rest is left to the spectator's imagination. The plot is rather thin and when spread over the space it covers, brilliant acting is required to sustain the interest.

*

There is material in the part of the unfortunate wife for a sympathetic actress to do powerful work. Never having had the pleasure of seeing Cora Tanner in this role, I cannot say how nearly Miss Dwyer approaches her in its proper portrayal. But although Miss Dwyer seems to be a careful and painstaking young woman she has much to attain before she acquires the natural touches of true art. There was an uninteresting monotony about the rest of the company that was depressing. The only ones who seem to stand out from the rest were Miss Strickland as Mrs. Maloney and Mr. Frank Davis as John Biddlecomb, the country lover. Miss Strickland's Irish applewoman was very well done. Although her brogue was not of the richest the make-up was excellent. The two bits of scenery representing Westminster Bridge and the Sluice Gate were beautiful and picturesque—the water rolling in as the sluice was opened being very realistic. But mechanical effects do not satisfy when one goes to see a play, and this company is strained hard luck this week in Toronto. On Tuesday evening Mr. Coote, the manager for the company, said the audience might better get together in a box and be sociable.

Madame and Augustin Neuville have been playing The Boy Tramp at the Toronto Opera House this week. The Boy Tramp is a gory tale of Gotham, and that it is full of excruciating horrors goes without saying. Every climax ends on a high note, and is marked with a tap on the big drum and a blast on the bass horn which breaks all the threads so to speak, and allows the overwrought feelings of the audience to settle back to their normal position and recuperate for the next act. Madame Neuville is a large, powerful, looking woman, with a voice like a March wind and a decided tendency to chew things which makes the nervous nape feel like throwing up his job and making a hasty exit through the window. Madame, however, is the right kind of an actress for such a play as the Boy Tramp. Those who like the play will like her. The same may be said of Augustin Neuville, who takes the part of the tramp. A writer in one of the daily papers very cleverly said, "The company is bad and well balanced."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mlle. Rhea's forthcoming new play is an adaptation from a French novel, and is called The Case Vidal.

It is alleged that Kyrle Bellew is implicated in a divorce case, which will be heard in Chicago in a few weeks.

A new theater is to be built at St. Petersburg, on the Field of Mars, which is to be so large, and sumptuously decorated and fitted up that the estimate for its completion, which has been approved by the Czar, amounts to £1,200,000.

Herbert Kelcey, the æsthetic leading man of the Lyceum Theatre, New York, was out very late recently, and feeling hungry stepped into a Sixth avenue eating house and called for a steak, baked potatoes and two eggs fried only on one s'de. The waiter, as is usual there, called out: "Slaughter in de pan, two Murphys wid der coats on, and two white wings wid de sunny side up." Mr. Kelcey suddenly lost his appetite, and was taken home in a hansom.

Mr. Florence, in speaking of the "knock down and drag out plays" now holding the stage, confided to a newspaper man, with several apparent qualms of conscience, indicated by sudden pallor and peculiar twitchings of the facial muscles, that he had written one himself. "I call it 'Working the Growler,' " he said in a hoarse whisper, "and I think there is money in it. It is calculated to amuse if not instruct, and I haven't settled as to whether I'll put my name on the bills as author or not."

Henry Irving has a mania for rehearsing his company. It is related that there was once in his employ at the Lyceum a carpenter who knew most of Hamlet's lines, and who had a habit of reciting them with only himself for audience. Left alone on the stage one day, he improved the occasion by a sepulchral declamation of the Ghost's long speech. Presently Hamlet's cue came, and "Horrible, most horrible," broke on the astonished ear of the carpenter ghost as Irving himself walked on. The ghost dropped his tools and fled, but everyone about the theater declared that had he stuck to his post his manager would undoubtedly have rehearsed the whole scene with the utmost gravity.

The dagger continues to hold its own in Italy. At Bologna, a Spanish Marquis, infatuated with the voice and charms of the prima donna, Urbinati, attempted suicide in a dressing-room at the theater, with a property stiletto. The unfortunate lover lies in a critical condition. At Padona, a super attacked the manager with murderous intentions, because he was fined one franc for flirting with a ballet girl. And at Calagliovno, a chorus singer jumped from the stage into the orchestra and plunged his knife into the shoulder of a spectator who had insulted his daughter—of the ballet. The man agger appeared on the scene and the irate father was arrested, but ultimately released.

"AGE CANNOT WITHER."

> In those dear, distant teens of mine,
> The days that elders call the "salad,"
> A siren in the acting line
> I thought exceedingly divine;
> To compliment her talents fine
> I penned her many a pensive ballad.
>
> "Dear Miss," I wrote, "a man—eighteen—
> Who feels he ne'er can love another,
> To whom you shine a star, a queen"—
> Et cetera, much more, I ween.
>
> She wrote this one line, cold and mean:
> "I'm old enough to be your mother."
>
> Oh, Fate! thou loweringly didst frown;
> Thou kind but cruel benefactress.
> My airy castle tumbled down.
> I see she plays this week in town.
> The press describes her ev'ry gown
> And calls her "promising young actress."

The Comedie Francaise is passing through a crisis which threatens to leave its mark on the famous house. The company is used up, and fresh blood is required. But where to find it? There is plenty of quantity, but little of quality, and the Francaise is difficult to please. The troupe is becoming poorer every day. The great actors and actresses are disappearing from its boards one by one, and nobody can be found to fill their places at all adequately. Bernhardt, Brohan, Croizette, Coquelin, *aine*, and Delannay, have left and Got, while Maubant will shortly follow them. No wonder the public is less faithful to the classic theater, and the receipts are diminishing. It is no fault of M. Jules Claretie, the director, who is trying his best under the circumstances. True, some of his enemies accused him of adhering too closely to the old traditions of the house, and say that not sufficient inducement is held out to rising talent. But, admitting this, he cannot make genius where there is none, and the decline of the Comedie Francaise appears therefore inevitable.

R. B. Mantell has been giving to the eastern reporters that old story about his being the son of a Scottish clergyman. In this statement the genial and handsome Bob is slightly inaccurate, although he has made is so often that no doubt he has at length grown to believe it. The truth about the matter is that R. B. Mantell's father, at the time of the birth of his distinguished son, kept a small hostelry and "public" in Belfast, Ireland, and the first recollections of Mr. Pitou's leading emotional are of Dunville's Royal Irish, Guinness' XX and the vernacular made familiar to us by Mr. John Kernell. Mantell is a good actor, and justly admired for the ability with which he gives a comic representation of fury on the stage. But even in the climaxes of Fedora and Monbars the young actor never displayed so strong a show of rage and scorn as he does when some Belfast man, who knew him in boyhood, addresses him familiarly and naturally as Bawb Mantle.

An American writer who knows a good thing when he sees it wrote the following paragraph in a New York paper last week: I hear a number of pleasant reports concerning the success of Mr. Ed Sothern's tour with Lord Chumley. He is in Toronto this week, where the character of an impoverished British noble-man strikes a responsive chord in everybody's heart. Toronto is practically populated with retired British aristocrats. You meet them everywhere, in positions varying from car conductors to millionaires. So Chumley struck them with a wave of sympathy, and they knocked the ashes out of their pipes, kicked their slippers under the bed, and went to the theater in solid squares. Talking of Toronto, I was there the other day. Did it ever strike you what a lot of pretty women live there. I had a ramble down King street on a sunny Saturday afternoon, and I think I saw more blonde divinities and russet-haired beauties in that one stroll than I have seen in New York in a month. It was a rainbow of heads. Perhaps you don't like the light-haired maiden, but I do, and Toronto pleases me immensely on that account. Besides the Toronto rosebud is fresh. There is a bloom on her cheek and a flash of intelligent life in her pretty eye that is refreshing. No wonder Ed Sothern says he would rather play a week there and lose money than spend a month in Chicago and make it.

Rev. Dr. Parker of London, England, who visited Toronto a year and a half ago, in an interview on the drama and actors' reminiscences recently expressed the following views: "I cannot help thinking that acquaintance with the kind of literature you refer to (reminiscences of actors) is helpful even to preachers. It is, in my opinion, a grand mistake on the part of preachers to live a monastic life, mixing only with their fellow-thinkers and fellow-worshippers, talking everlastingly on the same subjects, and agitating themselves with paltry controversies about words and forms. Preachers should get abroad among men, comprehend and appreciate varieties of character, study the pleasures of the people, and in various ways acquaint themselves with real, throbbing tragic life around them. It is no use preaching the same old things to the same old people until everybody is either indifferent or asleep; let the pulpit begin to address the age, and no doubt the age will come to hear the pulpit. I wish distinctly to say the reading of such works as you allude to will help any man to widen and deepen his religious appeals. To every young man, to every young preacher, I would say, read the memoirs of Macready, Bancroft, Toole, and also everything you can lay hold of relating to that eminent leader in dramatic education and reform—Henry Irving."

Tennyson's First Manuscript.

It lies in a small box in a small office in the quiet town of Louth, and there it has lain since the last of the Jacksons died. Tennyson himself has not seen it for sixty years—never since he and his brother Charles parted with it to the publisher.

Once or twice in the course of the year the relic is drawn forth. Then it is religiously returned to its resting-place, the box is locked, and for a further period the manuscript of The Poems by Two Brothers is concealed from mortal ken. Little is known of the circumstances under which the first volume of the Brothers Tennyson was published, and what little has been written on the subject is erroneous. It is commonly supposed that they were still pupils at Louth Grammar School when the book was issued, while the fact is Alfred had left seven years before, and Charles just over six. These dates I obtained from the school register.

The story of how they came to decide on submitting their verses to a publisher runs thus: Alfred Tennyson was seized with a longing to visit the Lincolnshire Churches, but the "eternal want of pence" made the projected tour impossible. By some means the old servant in the family heard of his disappointment, and exclaimed, "Why, Master Alfred, you are always writing poetry, why don't you sell it?" The idea surprised and pleased the boy; he consulted Charles, and when next they went to Louth their collection of verses was left with J. and J. Jackson, who ultimately agreed to purchase it for £10. The story may not be true, but certain it is that the book made its appearance in March, 1827, and by good luck the manuscript was not destroyed.

It consists of 177 pages, most of the sheets being of notepaper size. The close, "screwy" writing, more like Greek than English (for which the Laureate and his brother are noted), is the first characteristic that strikes the observation; in some cases, contrary to the stern edicts of the printer's office, it covers both sides of the paper. The MS. is in good condition. Most of the poems are in the handwriting of the respective authors but a few are in a feminine hand, having been copied probably by a sister or the mother. The question of the individual authorship of the pieces will consequently remain unsettled unless the Laureate himself comes to the rescue with a declaration.

From a printer's point of view, the "copy" is decidedly poor. Not only is it "backed," but various pages are disfigured by rude scrawlboy sketches, while the initial corrections are numerous, and were not neatly made. On some pages whole verses have been struck out by heavy black lines reaching in all directions. There is considerable "over-running;" and as many verses as possible are crushed on to each page. Evidently the young Tennysons were not too well supplied with paper. Sometimes, too, the lines are written both downward and crosswise, and on one small folio the ingenious writer had managed to crowd no fewer than ninety-one lines, viz., the whole of the poem, "Remorse," and a six-line verse of the preceding poem. The credit of this remarkable achievement belongs, I think, to Alfred.

It was originally the intention of the authors to allow their initials, C. T. and A. T., to appear on the title page and at the end of the short preface. But perhaps they feared that searching microscope of scrutiny of which they spoke in the introductory stanzas; at all events, while the printer was preparing the book for publication he received a note reminding him that it was no part of the agreement that their initials should be used, and they therefore wished to delete them, "as it will not assist the sale of the book any more than if there was no signature at all." Perhaps Mr. Jackson thought so, too; anyhow, he raised no objection, and when the book was issued it was left to rumor alone to declare who the Two Brothers were.

The contract with the printer was that the authors should receive £10 for the copyright of their poems, and this sum has always been stated to have been the actual sum paid. In a letter of acceptance the brothers remarked that they did not think £10 "too high a price;" nevertheless they closed with the terms. His trustee has assured me, however, that Mr. Jackson afterwards increased the sum to £20.

A good copy of the book is now worth £25.—*Tit Bits.*

A Kiss.

Here is a kiss after the Joaquin Miller fashion and taken from that gentleman's serial The Buried River. It is not quite so hot and strong as the Amelie Reeves-Chanler cuddle nor so enthusiastic as Mrs. Allerton's Hermia's hug, but still a fairly full flavored sort of caress:

"We are going to die," cried the girl, "John Gray, we are going to die!"

She drew him closer to her still, in her terror; she looked down into his face. She had folded him to her heart in that time of terror, and that narrow place, without even knowing it.

Boom and boom came the waters! Thrash! thrash! boom and thunder! The sea bats struck her face, and one hand fastened in her hair.

"John Gray!" She had bowed her face even to his to escape the hideous creatures about her.

"John Gray, we are going to die! and—and—and I will kiss you as we die together."

Her lips lay tenderly to his unconscious lips; and then her great ardent and impetuous soul came up from out of its hiding-place in the corners of her heart, even as the great sea came up to them there, booming and thundering from the caverns of its trembling bosom. And the flower and the perfume of her holy womanhood she laid, as if it were religion, on the altar of her love. And she was stronger for it, braver, better in this brief and singular completeness of her perfect nature. But he, John Gray, never knew.

How Plays are Made.

It is worth saying here for the benefit of young playwrights, that the best plays have their situations evolved out of the character and the story. This is the literary method. The most effective plays, and as a rule the most successful have their characters and story evolved out of a situation. This is the theatric method.

It seems like a heresy to the artistic worker to say that he must get a situation first and write his play round it. But that is the way some of the most noted plays have been constructed, and it is notably the French way of making dramas.

It is not strange after you have thought of it a moment. The crisis or situation is the most essential thing in drama, and the all-important thing should be secured first. Get a great dramatic incident in your mind and see how easily all the elements of the drama will shape themselves round it.

Get all the other elements of a drama and see how difficult it is to work them up to a great crisis or to insert your situation into them.—*Dramatic Mirror.*

A Long Wait.

Policeman—Here, move on! Why don't you go home?

Tramp (with dignity)—I'm waitin' for me coachman.

On Diverse Strings

When the Green Leaves Come Again.

For Saturday Night.

> When the green leaves come again,
> When the sky is blue and clear,
> When in every nook and glen
> Fair pale primroses tufts appear;
> When the moss is softly spread
> Underneath the beechen tree,
> And within its pebbly bed,
> Sings the streamlet merrily;
> When fair spring, with lavish hand,
> Scattering gifts, begins her reign,
> Ah! we'll be happy then, love,
> When the green leaves come again.
>
> When the green leaves come again;
> Strange the words sound of my song,
> While the sleet beats on the pane,
> And the fierce wind sweeps along.
> In the darkening room alone,
> On the leaden sky I gaze,
> While my saddened thoughts have flown
> To the hopes of other days.
> Wildly, wildly moans the wind,
> Sadly, sadly falls the rain,
> But we'll be happy yet, love,
> When the green leaves come again.
>
> Hence these sighs and end repinings,
> Come, sweet sunshine after rain
> Show, O clouds, your silver lissings,
> Quick, O green leaves, burst again,
> Aid fair wind, the vessel sailing
> Homeward o'er a distant sea,
> Let not time nor tide be failing,
> Bring the absent back to me
> To the joy the spring can bring,
> Weighs as naught the winter's pain;
> Silent birds break out and sing,
> When the green leaves come again.

ODESSA, ONTARIO. MRS. E. CLASTON.

Country Days.

For Saturday Night.

> When darkness on the city falls
> And sorrows die in sleep,
> When shadows round the lofty walls
> Their silent vigils keep,
> I often take my pipe and sit
> Here in my little room
> And in an idle musing fit
> Of mingled mirth and gloom
> With feelings I can ne'er express
> See in the smoky haze
> The shadows of the loveliness
> That charmed my country days.
>
> The pleasures of those happy hours
> I never can forget,
> Nor cease to love the wildwood flowers
> I gathered then; and yet
> I sometimes think that if the plow
> I held with firmer hand
> I'd cherish fewer mem'ries now
> Of how the zephyrs fanned
> My glowing cheeks and tossed my hair
> When skies were all ab. ze,
> And that they'd seem less free from care,
> Those dreamy country days.
>
> Of course my Mary's face comes back,
> But with a merry smile
> I think of how it now doth lack
> The sweetness to beguile;
> Yet haply if the truth were told
> My fancies when 'tis fled
> Would show a heart not wholly cold,
> A love not wholly dead.
> And haply if I could once more
> Live o'er life's tangled maze
> I'd in my Mary's love live o'er
> Those dreamy country days.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. MERONYR.

Tell Me.

> "If to night
> I could dream true,
> And cross the distance that forbids,
> And come to you,
> The while your folded lids
> Shut out the sight—
> If I might
> Bend low and touch
> Each of your sleeping eyes,
> Would it, dear, be as much
> Of happiness and sweet surprise
> To you as me?
> If it could be
> That you would know
> My lips upon your head and hair
> Touching them so—
> Would you, dear, hold me closer there,
> Or might I go?

EMMA V. SHERIDAN.

Mizpah!

> I kissed your lips, and held your hands,
> And said farewell and went away,
> Well knowing that another day
> Would speed you forth to other lands,
> And down the summer-scented street
> I heard your echoing voice repeat
> The Hebrew motto, quaint and sweet,
> "Mizpah!"
>
> A thousand miles between us lay
> When autumn passed, in lingering flight,
> And drenched with fragrant dew at night
> The woodland fires he lit by day;
> But, all the golden distance through,
> From you to me and me to you
> Went out the tender prayer and true:
> Mizpah.
>
> The winter night falls cold and bleak;
> I sit, in saddened mood, alone,
> And listen to the wind's low moan,
> And hide a fear I dare not speak,
> For you are far, so far away,
> And younger lips have turned to clay;
> Dear love! I tremble while I pray.
> Mizpah.
>
> But spring shall blossom up the plain,
> And Easter lilies scent the air,
> And song birds riot everywhere.
> And heart and hope grow glad again,
> Yet still my nightly prayer shall be,
> Though swallows build or swallows flee,
> Until my love come back to me,
> Mizpah!
>
> And when, with flowers of June, you come,
> And face to face again we stand,
> And heart to heart and hand to hand,
> O love! within the one dear home;
> We shall not need to say again,
> In winter's snow or summer's rain,
> Till death shall come to part us twain;
> Mizpah!

—*Lippincott's Magazine*

Noted People.

The Empress Eugenie will shortly leave Farnborough for Madrid, whence she goes to Granada for a stay of two months.

There is every probability that the engagement of the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe to one of the young Princesses of Wales will be shortly announced.

Robert Louis Stevenson's yachting trip in the Pacific has proved most enjoyable and beneficial, and Mr. Stevenson writes in high spirits and the best of health. He is hard at work upon a new romance, which is based on his recent adventures, and is likely to smack of the sea.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett is the steadiest novelist we have. He writes three books a year, always has and always will. His book works are run on the best possible system. He writes twenty pages in the morning and fifteen pages in the afternoon, and he thus meets the regular Spring and Fall trade with a line of goods uniformly. His last book is called A Demoralizing Marriage.

The King of Servia has abdicated, and the Crown Prince Alexander is now King of Servia. He was born on August 14, 1876. He is a tall, slim, good-looking toy, with deep black eyes, like those of his mother, and the keen, penetrating look peculiar to his father, whose nervousness, restlessness, and haughty bearing he has also inherited. He is described as a clever, quick-witted, lively, and unusually intelligent lad, but insincere, calculating, prompt in detecting and profiting by an advantage.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, writes a correspondent, go about into society looking so perfectly gay and contented that they cheer everybody up, and even the very linkmen who shut their carriage door are emboldened by the bride's charming smile to wish her joy—and hold out a hand. It is true that the bridegroom wears the air of giving, so radiant is he, with his keen activity, his robust youthfulness, and the glorious orchid that generally adorns his coat. Mrs. Chamberlain dresses in her favorite pale blue.

Angeli of Vienna, the Queen's favorite portrait painter, had received a commission from her Majesty for a half-length portrait of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, which was to have been hung up in the Tapestry Rooms at Windsor Castle, but, in consequence of the Prince's recent marriage, the order has been cancelled; and, indeed, I am told that in the first tempest of exasperation the Queen ordered all the photographs of the Prince, of which there was a large collection, to be flung into the fire, thereby following the example of her uncle, William IV., who, in 1836, on hearing that the Duke of Bedford had subscribed to the O'Connell Fund, commanded that his Grace's bust in the corridor at Windsor Castle should be taken from its pedestal, broken in two, and then ignominiously conveyed to the limekiln.

M. Zola is once more on the track of human documents for his next volume, which is to deal with "railway-life," and to include a murder on the line. For the purpose of collecting facts and consolidating his experience, the author is taking a number of trips on railway engines up and down the various lines. This week he went to Havre, questioning numerous officials and porters respecting their duties. It is probable that the new novel will raise another storm, as the author also intends to deal therein with the magistracy and the present judicial manner of investigating crime, the weak points of the mode of "instruction" being brought out in relief. Several judicial personages will also be sketched from the life in the volume.

A Paris correspondent writes: "The Prince of Wales was in Paris last week and had a nice time. I met him on the boulevards, peeping into the shops now and then. He went to the Theater des Nouveautes and freely applauded Le Royaume des Femmes. The papers notice with great pleasure the delicate attention shown by the Prince towards M. Brasseur, his old tutor. This gentleman is now eighty-eight years of age. The Prince never comes to Paris without calling on him. He was among the guests invited by the Prince to dinner on the day of his arrival in Paris. Old Brasseur is very fond of the distinction, and is never happier than when he is dilating on the good points of 'mon ami, le Prince de Galles.' It is by such little acts of affection that he has made himself so popular with the Parisians. The "British Tair" is undoubtedly the most popular Crown Prince in Europe—and so he ought to be, for he is a jolly nice fellow on the continent, where he certainly feels like 'another man,' and generously treats that 'other man.'"

Archie Gunter grows daily more rotund in proportion and more expansive in his smiles. Contrasting the picture of the prosperous party in furs rolling about in his own carriage to-day, with the memory of a young man shivering on the Rialto a few years ago, with his pocket full of manuscripts I can hardly imagine the author of Barnes of New York was one and the same person in both cases. Mr. Potter of Texas a1 the critics thought would kill off Mr. Gunter's audience. He wrote it in two months out of the material of an old play, and it was certainly pretty bad. Yet he has sold so far one hundred and thirty thousand copies of it, and for his new novel, That Frenchman, there are already advance orders for sixty-five thousand. No one bears his success with more equanimity than Mr. Gunter or enjoys the profits of literary labor with more gusto. The only bad result of his good fortune has been the temptation it offers some young women to exploit their moral degradation on paper in a vain hope of achieving Mr. Gunter's measure of success.

An American writer says: I hear from a private source that the Duke of Sutherland, exasperated beyond all endurance at the comments concerning his recent marriage in several important American newspapers, has instructed his attorneys to commence actions for libel. No doubt in his present frame of mind His Grace would be ready to bring actions for libel or use shot guns at sight, but calm moments and reflection will convince him of the folly and stupidity of such a move. Just think what an avalanche of ancient history such a libel suit would unearth. The defendants would have to know all about the past life of the Duke and something about the early career of the new Duchess (ex-Mrs. Blair). They might want to know how the late Mr. Blair came by his death—whether he killed himself, and if he did—why? And if he killed himself, where did the tragedy take place? Whether it was in his own home or at the very doors of the Duke of Sutherland's private residence; and if it was, why did he choose such a place for the deed? What a torrent of questions an inquisitive American lawyer might ask the Duke of Sutherland and his new wife. Take good advice, Stafford, let the American newspapers throw all the mud they like. You will enjoy your visit to America a good deal more if you keep your temper and continue to puff your weed into the summer skies of Florida and keep the flies off the Duchess.

Plagiarism.

For Saturday Night.

So-called plagiarism is often only coincidence of thought or expression, the outcome of similarly constituted minds revolving the same subject.

It has always been, however, an open question to what extent an author is justified in "cabbaging" from the works of other writers and introducing their ideas into his original work without incurring the risk of being accused of plagiarism. Indeed it may be said with truth that there has been scarcely one writer of note in bygone years, who has not at some time in his career been charged with unfairly using the efforts of his predecessors.

Sir Walter Scott was in the habit of making numerous extracts from foreign writers, notably from German romances. No one would accuse Shakespeare of plagiarism, yet every student of his works knows that he is indebted for many of his plots to stories, legends and novels of the period. A notable instance is A Winter's Tale. The plot is taken with few important deviations from a celebrated novel of the time entitled Pandosta, and the History of Dorustus and Favonia, by Robert Green. This work was extremely popular, and is said to have passed through fourteen editions.

Shakespeare has also in many cases copied from the works of older writers, often word for word whole lines and sentences where anything particularly pleased him. But the admirable use he made of all available matter within his reach is a forcible proof of how genius extracts gold dust from worthless dirt. It has been observed that originality consists not so much in the source from whence the material used by an author is drawn as in his mode of using it. For a writer often places what he borrows in a far better light than the original inventor had found for it. This is particularly the case with Shakespeare.

In Moore's Life of Byron is the following: "Observing," writes Moore, "a volume in his gondola with a number of paper marks between the leaves, I inquired of him what it was."

"Only a book," he replied, "from which I am trying to crib, as I do whenever I can; and that is the way I get the character of an original poet."

A great English divine, who is now dead, used to advise young curates to copy from the sermons of eloquent preachers in writing their own first sermons. To conclude, it has been said that Homer is the only writer who is entirely innocent of plagiarism, but that is probably because we have no means of finding it out.

G. F. K.

Memoria Dulcis.

For Saturday Night.

If's fatherland! Who is it can forget,
While far on other sands compelled to roam,
The house where he was born, each rivulet,
Each hill, each valley of his native home?
A ray of sanctity is round the view
Of these heart-pictures, thus enframed with joy,
Emotions so affecting must be true—
Altho' with them the present will alloy.
Sublime within themselves they will not be,
But hallow'd recollections they call forth
And fill his soul with pure tranquillity
Of Love, and Home and patriotic worth.
Ah! happy is the man who thus can roam
With such sweet mem'ry of his heart's first home!

NORA LATCHER.

'Varsity Chat.

Approaching exams. give everything a matter-of-fact air. There is no more fooling. No levity is the admonition used so often in reference to freshmen at other times, now applied in dead and silent earnest to ourselves. The awful stillness is like the strained intensity of spectators at a close finish at Olympia. We are all in the race. Some run for fear of destruction in a race for academic existence; some spurred on by a desperate ambition. Wretched mortals, hated of the gods.

•

Meds. coming up to tremble before the dread "Stand up, gentlemen!" and retiring shattered in body and seared in heart—the realistic ally of our destiny. At each boom of the solemn bell we run our hand through our hair and our nose down to the book anew. No well-intentioned man asks another now-a-days about the state of his work. He looks into his own heart and sees that, to tell the strict truth at this season, is too much for flesh and blood. Who ever had his work up to his satisfaction? Nobody. Who is the champion? Who the strong? The same.

•

Our practised eye runs down the list of examiners. With joy we note that Rev. Neil MacNish is not there. Shades of Paddy Burns! —I mean Robert. We have learned in the hard school of experience how to take them, *i. e.*, the examiners, not the shades. Prof. Ashley is the only uncertain quantity. But then, by skilful time-table work he threw most of us off the scent long ago. We thought it cruel at the time, but we rise up now and say, more power!

•

Prof. Baker entertained the baseball team and a few enthusiasts not on the team, at dinner the other evening. Mr. Harry Senkler sang his well-known Kilalloo. Mr. Proctor would sing too. Mr. J. B. Peat wore the dignity which appertains to the secretary-treasurership with becoming grace. Arrangements for the tour are about completed. Yale alone has declined to play us. We have no reputation. Perhaps that is because we play. But where is Yale anyhow!

•

Attendance at lectures is becoming smaller and smaller. Sight translation in classics has ceased, much to the regret of those interested. It is pure gold at this period in the term.

NEMO.

Grains of Fun.

Uncle Harry—Well, Johnnie, and how did you like the ride on Uncle Harry's knee? Johnnie—Oh, it was very nice; but I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday.

Little Miss—Minnie has been to see me to-day, and she behaved like a lady. Mamma—And I hope you did, too. "Yes, I did; I turned somersaults for her on the bed all the afternoon."

When Fogg was asked regarding the latest additions to the English language, he said he would ask his wife. She always had the last word.

Kirby—"Lend me a fiver, will you, old boy? I'm clean broke."

Moxey—"That's a pretty good ring. Why don't you hock it?"

Kirby—"Couldn't, you know. It's a souvenir of a deceased brother."

Moxey—"Well, my money is a souvenir of a deceased father." (And he walks off.)

We do not know very much about the ancient Egyptians, perhaps, but the grand old sphinx with its silent woman's head shows that they were a very sarcastic people.

Husband—"Wife, Dr. Smith, the chiropodist, will dine with us to-day."

Wife—"All right; I'll order corned beef."

Mamma (to eldest son)—My dear George, where are your manners? You should always say, "thank you!" when anything is handed to you.

George—O, bother having to say "thank!" every time, Ma! Can't a fellow have a season ticket?

Mademoiselle Jeanne keeps no secrets from her friend Lucie. "Just fancy," she said to her, "for the last six weeks I have been trying to teach my parrot to pronounce the name of Albert, and now my intended isn't called Albert any more, but George!"

Young Wife (at the breakfast table to her husband)—Just read this article on the concert last night. . . . I had no idea we enjoyed it half so much at the time.

"Have you Goldsmith's Greece?" asked a gentleman of the clerk of a store in which books and various miscellaneous articles were sold. "No," said the clerk, reflectively; "we haven't Goldsmith's Greece, but we have some splendid hair oil!"

A Virginia man by the name of Appel has married Miss Green. Their offspring will probably go by the name of Green Appels.

A rich harness-maker recently died, and it is said that he left many traces of his work behind.

Mrs. Addleton—George, the castors on that table don't work very smoothly.

Mr. George Addleton—Well pour a little castor oil on them.

Visitor (at the museum)—Where is the fasting man, boss?

Keeper (absent-mindedly)—He's just gone out for supper, he will be back in a minute.

"It is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes."

"Don't say a word about it, wife; the least said the soonest mended."

A grocer has a sagacious dog which never sees anything being weighed on the scales without putting one foot on the platform and innocently looking out at the door.

A country parish minister lately visiting Edinburgh met in the street a servant girl who had left his congregation to go to a situation in the city.

"Well, Maggie," said he, kindly, "how do you like your new situation?"

"Fine, sir; but I'm gey lonely among sae mony folk!"

"I was thinking so, Maggie. Well, I'll call and see you before I leave the town."

"Na, sir," very dolefully, "ye mauna dae that, for my mistress allows no follows; but," brightening up, "if ye come tae the back gate when its dark I'll try tae let ye in at the wundy."

Mamma—That's right, Tommy, eight furlongs make one mile. Now, three miles make one what?

Tommy—Three miles make one tired.

At Delmonico's.

Mr. Pawque Pacquer (of Chicago)—Waiter, bring me another knife. How the devil do you expect me to eat with so sharp a one as this? I'll cut my tongue off.

He—What do you think of this style of collar, Miss Bonmot?—looks like a wegular ivory tower, doesn't it?

She (thoughtfully)—Y-e-s, or like a white-washed fence around a lunatic asylum.

Visitor (at inebriate asylum)—What brought you here?

Patient (formerly a Board of Trade man)—Making money on wheat and putting it in rye.

Registrar—What is it you want?

Husband—To report the birth of a son.

Registrar—Go back, my little man, and tell your father he'll have to come himself.

A policeman leaned over the area railing, and, addressing Bridget, who was at that moment engaged in shifting an ash barrel, observed:

"Bridget, my dar.int, the bright av yer oyes makes the dawn seem loike darkness."

"Them's the very words that yer sapayrior, the sargint, spoke to me. I suppose it's part av the drill av the force."

An old farmer and his wife went to the Glasgow Exhibition, and while there they came to a table with some bottles of wine. Seeing a ticket with "Please take one," lying beside the bottles (which meant that they were to take one of the small advertising pamphlets), the old woman lifted a bottle, remarking at the same time, "Man John, it's an awfu' peety we didna bring the basket wi' us."

A discussion arose on board an Atlantic liner a short time ago as to the citizenship of a gentleman at the other end of the saloon.

"He's an Englishman," said one, "I know by his head."

"He's a Scotchman," said another, "I know by his complexion."

"He's a German," said another, "I know by his beer."

The young ladies thought he looked a little Spanish.

Here the conversation rested, but soon one of them spoke, "I have it," said she, he's an American, he's got his legs on the table."

Mr. Bookworme—I tell you there is a great deal of meat in Amelie Rives' books.

Mr. Goodygoode—And a great deal of foul, too.

Getting Acquainted.

I got acquainted very quick
With Teddy Brown, when he
Moved in the house across the street,
The nearest one you see.

I climbed and sat upon a post
To look, and so did he;
I stared and stared across at him
And he stared back at me.

I s'posed he wanted me to speak,
I thought I'd try and see;
I said "Hello!" to Teddy Brown;
He said "Hello!" to me.

He was always trying to kiss her;
Go whatever way she would,
He would lie in wait to catch her
And kiss her if he could.

He'd beset her on the staircase,
He'd besiege her at the door,
Till he got to be a nuisance
And unmitigated bore.

Because kissing goes by favor
As she'd frequently observe;
But the more the gay girl "guyed" him,
The bigger grew his "nerve."

Yet one night brought his quietus—
He heard footsteps from afar;
"Sure," thought he, "this is my lady,"
And he caught and kissed—her Pa!

Texas Siftings.

Alleged Facts.

There are 2,404 undergraduates now in residence at Oxford, as compared with 2,382 at the same period last year.

There is a race for the sky going on among builders just now which has perhaps reached its culmination in Minneapolis, where a twenty-eight-story building is reported to be in course of erection.

It has been ascertained that during a single voyage by the Cunard steamship Etruria, on the average crockery is broken at the rate of 900 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 200 wine-glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water-bottles.

Four young men in St. Petersburg have laid a wager that they will go on horseback from St. Petersburg to the Paris Exhibition. The journey will have to be accomplished in seventy-five days. The young men will be accompanied by four grooms.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes advises young men not to smoke. It is liable to injure the sight, he says, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and to enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of a duty to be performed.

The gorgeous mansion in Hopkinton, Mass, which Mrs. Searle, formerly Mrs. Hopkins, has had built, boasts of an organ costing $50,000. Its case is of English ash to correspond with the finish of the room, exquisitely carved with gold molding, is over thirty feet high, and is probably the most costly organ in any private dwelling in America. The music room is large, over forty feet high, with paneled ceiling of terra cotta.

Chinese live in houses where the supply of air is so limited that no European could endure the vitiated atmosphere; yet they are a very healthy nation. This is due probably to the fact that their food is invariably simple and clean, and thoroughly well cooked. Meat, potatoes, and rice are all boiled together. When cooked the mixture is put into small bowls, and as it is eaten with tiny chopsticks, it is impossible to try the mouth or stomach by scalding them with a quantity of very hot food. Moreover, they rarely drink water if they can get tea, either hot or cold.

Truth says that it is a melancholy fact that both as a fortress and a strategic position Gibraltar is out of date. It is not "the key to the Mediterranean"—at any rate, it is a key which will no longer lock the door, because steam has enabled vessels to run through the straits without any risk of serious damage from guns on "the rock." It has ceased to be impregnable, because the development of artillery has brought it well within range of the Algeciras heights; while under a fire of modern projectiles, the famous galleries of rock would splinter in such a way that they would be simply untenable.

All access to the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has been forbidden the public since the explosions in the Tower and in Westminster. The Dean and Chapter received a hint from the Home Office that the Invincibles had their eyes on the dome, and so they promptly forbade anyone to ascend higher than the stone gallery. The danger apprehended was not dynamite, but incendiarism. Strange as it seems, there are few more combustible edifices in London than the dome of St. Paul's. There is a whole forest of timber up aloft all as dry as tinder, and quite inaccessible to the firemen and their hydrants.

A St. Petersburg correspondent sends a description of a memorial subscribed for by the clergy of the diocese of Kharkoff, to celebrate the escape of the Czar and Imperial family during the recent railway accident in South Russia. The memorial consists of a massive silver clock, placed in position in Kharkoff, with its dials facing towards the spot where the accident took place. This clock strikes only once in twenty-four hours. Every day, at the exact hour that the accident occurred, its silver bell strikes for five minutes, and so it will repeat to generations yet to come the story of the Czar Alexander's providential escape.

Two Presidents' Incomes.

The salary of the President of the French Republic is £24 0'0 per year. Besides this liberal stipend he is allowed firewood, candle, and gaslight; men-servants, the wages and board of whom the State pays, as well as buying their liveries; two carriages, a carriage for his secretaries, two military secretaries, three civil secretaries, house linen and the cost of washing it, and vegetables for his table from the gardens formerly belonging to the Empire.

The flowers for his greenhouse and ballroom come from the city nursery gardens. His supply of game not only costs him nothing, but is so abundant that he can sell about £2,000 worth a year after supplying his table—valuable preserves in the forests of Marly and Rambouillet being set apart for the President's use.

His musical and theatrical tastes are also gratified at the public expense, the State paying for a box at the Opera and at the Francais for his use. And if he is too indolent to occupy his boxes he and his family can enjoy the music without leaving the State residence, telephones having been put in for that purpose, which are paid for by the Republic. For the household expenses, about £6,000 is allowed annually.

The President of the United States, while receiving about £10,000 as salary, runs ahead of the French President in the matter of household expenses. His private secretary, the clerks, messengers, steward, and servants cost more than £6,000 a year, which the nation pays, as well as a "contingent" of about £1,500 a year. Then the sum of £4,000 is appropriated for use as the President sees fit in buying furniture for the White House and in keeping that building in repair. For fuel £600 is allowed, and nearly £200 more for repairs to the greenhouse.

Those sums, added to the salary, make the President cost the United States about £22,000 per year, which is still a smaller sum than the bare salary of M. Carnot.

Irish and French Bulls.

Sheridan Lefanu, in his delightful Irish stories, gives some instances of the bull thus: "That deadly sound is goin' on as lively as ever; and, best of all, the only way to prevint what's past is to put a stop to it before it happens." With this we may couple a remark heard the other day: "I can always remember things in advance. That is an excellent bull, too, which another Irish writer invented when he described drops of rain as varying in size "from a shilling to eighteen pence;" while for the charm of surprise no blunder surpasses the absurd saying, "There I sat, expecting that every moment would be my next." Only the other day we heard an old French soldier who, on being presented with a sword of honor, remarked: "*Ce sabre est le plus beaujour de ma vie.*"

The Longest Beard in the World.

The owner of the longest beard in the world is Louis Coulon, a sculptor, residing at Montlucon. His beard measures two metres thirty-two centimetres (seven feet six and a half inches), and, although it has turned gray, it continues to grow. Coulon wears his beard either folded round his arm like a plaid, or he twists the end round his neck like a boa, or ties it round his waist. He has received from various impresarios the most tempting offers to exhibit himself, *i. e.*, his beard, all of which he has, however, declined.

A Method in his Applause.

In a Kansas City theater. Visitor (to usher) —That man back there must be enjoying the play. I never saw anybody applaud with more enthusiasm. Who is he, anyway?

Usher—The manager of the company that's playing.

A Difference in the Operation.

Zeke Wayback—Can you give me a position in your printing office, sir?

Printer—Do you know anything about setting type?

Zeke Wayback—N-no, sir, but I've set hens ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper."

Modern Stage Fun.

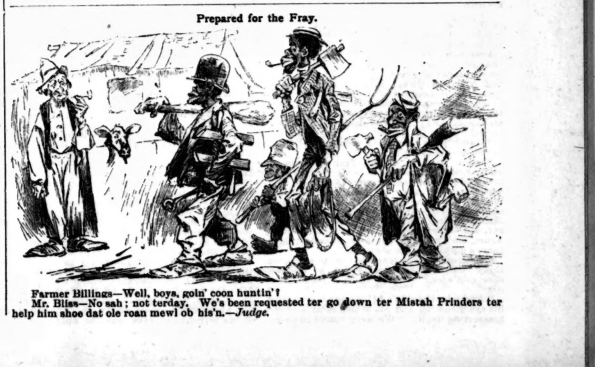
Modern Dramatist—"I've got a new comedy for you."

Manager—"Is it funny?"

Modern Dramatist—"You bet! Chuck full of damns."

A man of small calibre is frequently the greatest bore.

Prepared for the Fray.



Farmer Billings—Well, boys, goin' coon huntin'?

Mr. Biles—No sah; not terday. We's been requested ter go down ter Mistah Prinders ter help him shoe dat ole roan mewl ob his'n.—*Judge.*

FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

MY FRIEND THE MURDERER.

"Number 43 is no better, doctor," said the head-warder in a slightly reproachful accent, looking round the corner of my door.

"Confound 43!" I responded from behind the pages of the *Australian Sketcher*.

"And 61 says his tubes are paining him. Couldn't you do anything for him?"

"He's a walking drug shop, said I. "He has the whole British pharmacopœia inside him. I believe his tubes are as sound as yours are."

"Then there's 7 and 103, they are chronic," continued the warder, plantedly down a blue slip of paper. "And 28 knocked off work yesterday—said lifting things gave him a stitch in the side. I want you to come and look at him, if you don't mind, doctor. There's 31, too—him that killed John Adamson in the Corinthian brig—he's been carrying on awful in the night, shrieking and yelling, he has, and no stopping him neither."

"All right, I'll have a look at him afterwards." I said, tossing my paper carelessly aside, and pouring myself out a cup of coffee. "Nothing else to report, I suppose, warder?"

"The official protruded his head a little further into the room. "Beg pardon, doctor," he said, in a confidential tone, "but I notice as 82 has a bit of a cold, and it would be a good excuse for you to visit him and have a chat maybe."

The cup of coffee was arrested half way to my lips as I stared in amazement at the man's serious face.

"An excuse!" I said. "An excuse! What the deuce are you talking about, McPherson? You see me trudging about all day at my practice, when I'm not looking after the prisoners, and coming back every night as tired as a dog, and you talk about finding me an excuse for doing more work."

"You'd like it, doctor," said Warder McPherson, insinuating one of his shoulders into the room. "That man's story's worth listening to if you could get him to tell it, though he's not what you'd call free of speech. Maybe you don't know who 82 is?"

"No, I don't, and I don't care either," I answered, in the conviction that some local ruffian was about to be foisted upon me as a celebrity.

"He's Maloney," said the warder, "him that turned Queen's evidence after the murders at Bluemansdyke."

"You don't say so!" I ejaculated, laying down my cup in astonishment. I had heard of this ghastly series of murders, and read an account of them in a London magazine long before setting foot in the colony. I remembered that the atrocities committed had thrown the Burke and Hare crimes completely into the shade and that one of the most villainous of the gang had saved his own skin by betraying his companions. "Are you sure?" I asked.

"O yes, it's him right enough. Just you draw him out a bit and he'll astonish you. He's a man to know, is Maloney; that's to say, in moderation;" and the head grinned, bobbed, and disappeared, leaving me to finish my breakfast, and ruminate over what I had heard.

The surgeonship of an Australian prison is not an enviable position. It may be endurable in Melbourne or Sidney, but the little town of Perth has few attractions to recommend it, and those few had been long exhausted. The climate was detestable, and the society far from congenial. Sheep and cattle were the staple support of the community; and their prices, breeding, and diseases the principal topic of conversation. Now, as I, being an outsider, possessed neither the one nor the other, and was utterly callous to the new "dip" and the "rot" and other kindred topics, I found myself in a state of mental isolation, and was ready to hail anything which might relieve the monotony of my existence. Maloney, the murderer, had, at least, some distinctiveness and individuality in his character, and might act as a tonic to a mind sick of the commonplaces of existence. I determined that I should follow the warder's advice, and take the excuse for making his acquaintance. When, therefore, I went upon my usual matutinal round, I turned the lock of the door, which bore the convict's number upon it, and walked into the cell.

The man was lying in a heap upon his rough bed as I entered, uncoiling his long limbs, he started up and stared at me with an insolent look of defiance on his face which augured badly for our interview. He had a pale set face, with sandy hair and a steely-blue eye, with something feline in its expression. His frame was tall and muscular, though there was a curious bend in his shoulders, which almost amounted to a deformity. An ordinary observer, meeting him in the street, might have put him down as a well developed man, fairly handsome, and of studious habits—even in the hideous uniform of the rotten-st convict establishment he imparted a certain refinement to his carriage which marked him out among the inferior ruffians around him.

"I'm not on the sick list," he said gruffly. There was something in the hard, rasping voice which dispelled all softer allusions, and made me realize that I was face to face with the man of the Lena Valley and Bluemansdyke, the bloodiest bushranger that ever stuck up a farm or cut the throats of its occupants.

"I know you're not," I answered. "Warder McPherson told me that you had a cold, though, and I thought I'd look in and see you."

"Blast Warder McPherson, and blast you, too!" yelled the convict, in a paroxysm of rage. "O, that's right," he added in a quieter voice; "hurry away; report me to the governor, do! Get me another six months or so—that's your game."

"I'm not going to report you," I said.

"Eight square feet of ground," he went on, disregarding my protest, and evidently working himself into a fury again. "Eight square feet, and I can't have that without being talked to and stared at, and—O, blast the whole crew of you!" and he raised his two clenched hands above his head and shook them in passionate invective.

"You've got a curious idea of hospitality," I remarked, determined not to lose my temper, and saying almost the first thing that came to my tongue.

To my surprise the words had an extraordinary effect upon him. He seemed completely staggered at my assuming the proposition for which he had been so fiercely contending, namely, that the room in which we stood was his own.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I didn't mean to be rude. Won't you take a seat?" and he motioned towards a rough trestle, which formed the headpiece of his couch.

I sat down rather astonished at the sudden change. I don't know that I liked Maloney better under his new aspect. The murderer had, it is true, disappeared for the nonce, but there was something in the smooth tones and obsequious manner which powerfully suggested the witness of the Queen, who had stood up and sworn away the lives of his companions in crime.

"How's your chest?" I asked, putting on my professional air.

"Come, drop it, doctor, drop it!" he answered, showing a row of white teeth, as he resumed his seat upon the side of the bed. "It wasn't anxiety after my precious health that brought you along here; that's a story won't wash at all. You came to have a look at Wolf Tone Maloney, forger, murderer, Sydney-slyder, ranger, and Government pensioner. That's about my figure, ain't it? There it is, plain and straight; there's nothing mean about me."

He paused as if he expected me to say something; but, as I remained silent, he repeated once or twice, "There's nothing mean about me."

"And why shouldn't I?" he suddenly yelled, his eye gleaming and his whole satanic nature reasserting itself. "We were bound to swing, one and all, and they were none the worse if I saved myself by turning against them. Every man for himself, say I, and the devil take the luckiest. You haven't a plug of tobacco, doctor, have you?"

He tore at the piece of "Barrett's" which I handed him, as ravenously as a wild beast. It seemed to have the effect of soothing his nerves, for he settled himself down in the bed, and reassumed his former deprecating manner.

"You wouldn't like it yourself, you know, doctor," he said; "it's enough to make any man a little queer in his temper. I'm in for six months this time for assault, and very sorry I shall be to go out again I can tell you. My mind's at ease in here; but when I'm outside, what with the Government, and what with Tattooed Tom of Hawkesbury, there's no chance of a quiet life.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"He is the brother of John Grimthorpe; the same that was condemned on my evidence, and an infernal scamp he was too! Spawn of the devil, both of them! This tattooed one is a murderous ruffian, and he swore to have my blood after that trial. It's seven years ago, and he's following me yet; I know he is, though he lies low and keeps dark. He came up to me in Ballarat in '75; you can see on the back of my hand here where the bullet clipped me. He tried again in '76, at Fort Philip, but I got the drop on him and wounded him badly. He knifed me in '79 though, in a bar at Adelaide, and that made our account about level. He's hanging around again now, and he'll let daylight into me—unless—unless by some extraordinary chance some one does as much for him" And Maloney gave a very ugly smile.

"I don't complain of him so much," he continued. "Looking at it in his way, no doubt it is a sort of family matter that can hardly be neglected. It's the government that fetches me. When I think of what I've done for this country, and then of what this country has done for me, it makes me fairly wild—clean drives me off my head. There's no gratitude nor common decency left, doctor!"

He brooded over his wrongs for a few minutes, and then proceeded to lay them before me in detail.

"Here's nine men," he said, "they've been murdering and killing for a matter of three years, and maybe a life a week wouldn't more than average the work that they've done. The Government catches them and the Government tries them, but they can't convict; and why?—because their witnesses have all had their throats cut, and the whole job's been very neatly done. What happens then? Up comes a citizen called Wolf Tone Maloney; he says, 'The country needs me, and here I am.' And with that he gives his evidence, convicts the lot, and enables the beaks to hang them. That's what I did. There's nothing mean about me! And now what does the country do in return? Dogs me, sir, spies on me, watches me night and day, turns against the very man that worked so hard for it. There's something mean about that, anyway. I didn't expect them to knight me, nor to make me colonial secretary; but damn it, I did expect that they would let me alone!"

"Well," I remonstrated, "if you choose to break laws and assault people, you can't expect it to be looked over on account of former services."

"I don't refer to my present imprisonment, sir," said Maloney, with dignity. "It's the life I've been leading since that cursed trial that takes the soul out of me. Just you sit there on that trestle, and I'll tell you all about it; and then look me in the face and tell me that I've been treated fair by the police."

I endeavor to transcribe the experiences of the convict in his own words, as far as I can remember them, preserving his curious perversions of right and wrong. I can answer for the truth of his facts, whatever may be said for his deductions from them. Months afterwards, Inspector H. W. Hann, formerly governor of the jail at Dunedin, showed me entries in his ledger which corroborated every statement. Maloney reeled the story off in a dull, monotonous voice, with his head sunk upon his breast and his hands between his knees. The glitter of his serpent like eyes was the only sign of the emotions which were stirred up by the recollection of the events which he narrated.

"You've read of Bluemansdyke (he began, with some pride in his tone). We made it hot while it lasted; but they ran us to earth at last, and a trap called Braxton, with a damned Yankee, took the lot of us. That was in New Zealand of course, and they took us down to Dunedin, and there they were convicted and hanged. One and all they put up their hands in the docks and cursed me till your blood would have run cold to hear them, which was scurvy treatment, seeing that we had all been pals together, but they were a blackguard lot, and thought only of themselves. I think it is as well that they were hung.

They took me back to Dunedin gaol and clapped me into the old cell. The only difference they made was, that I had no work to do and was well fed. I stood this for a week or two, until one day the governor was making his round, and I put the matter to him.

"How's this?" I said. "My conditions were a free pardon, and you're keeping me here against the law."

He gave a sort of a smile. "Should you like very much to go out?" he asked.

"So much," said I, "that unless you open that door, I'll have an action against you for illegal detention."

He seemed a bit astonished by my resolution. "You're very anxious to meet your death," he said.

"What d'ye mean?" I asked.

"Come here, and you'll know what I mean," he answered. And he led me down the passage to a window that overlooked the door of the prison. "Look at that!" said he.

I looked out, and there were a dozen or so rough-looking fellows standing outside in the street, some of them smoking, some playing cards on the pavement. When they saw me they gave a yell and crowded round the door, shaking their fists and hooting.

"They wait for you, watch and watch about," said the governor. "They're the executive of the vigilance committee. However, since you are determined to go, I can't stop you."

"D'ye call this a civilized land," I cried, "and let a man be murdered in cold blood in open daylight?"

They ran the rope over a branch, tied my hands, and told me to say my prayers.

When I said this the governor and the warder and every fool in the place grinned as if a man's life was a rare good joke.

"You've got the law on your side," says the governor; "so we won't detain you any longer. Show him out, warder."

He'd have done it, too, the black-hearted villain, if I hadn't begged and prayed and offered to pay for my board and lodging, which is more than any prisoner ever did before me. He let me stay on those conditions; and for three months I was caged up there with every larrikin in the township clamoring at the other side of the wall. That was pretty treatment for a man that had served his country!

At last, one morning, up came the governor again.

"Well, Maloney," he said, "how long are you going to honor us with your society?"

I could have put a knife into his cursed body, and would, too, if we had been alone in the bush; but I had to smile, and smooth him and flatter, for I feared that he might have me sent out.

"You're an infernal rascal," he said; those were his very words to a man that had helped him all he knew how. "I don't want any rough use here, though; and I think I see my way to getting you out of Dunedin."

"I'll never forget you, governor," said I; and, by God, I never will.

"I don't want your thanks nor your gratitude," he answered; "it's not for your sake that I do it, but simply to keep order in the town. There's a steamer starts from the West Quay to Melbourne to-morrow, and we'll get you aboard it. She is advertised at five in the morning, so have yourself in readiness."

I packed up the few things I had, and was smuggled out by a back door just before daybreak. I hurried down, took my ticket, under the name of Isaac Smith, and got safely aboard the Melbourne boat. I remember hearing her screw grinding into the water as the warps were cast loose, and looking back at the lights of Dunedin, as I leaned upon the bulwarks, with the pleasant thought that I was leaving them behind me for ever. It seemed to me that a new world was before me, and that all my troubles had been cast off. I went down below and had some coffee, and came up again feeling better than I had done since the morning that I woke to find that cursed Irishman that took me, standing over me with a six-shooter.

Day had dawned by that time, and we were steaming along by the coast, well out of sight of Dunedin. I loafed about for a couple of hours, and when the sun got well up some of the other passengers came on deck and joined me. One of them, a little perky sort of fellow, took a good long look at me, and then came over and began talking.

"Mining, I suppose?" says he.

"Yes," I says.

"Made your pile?" he asks.

"Pretty fair," says I.

"I was at it myself," he says; "I worked at the Nelson diggings for three months, and spent all I made in buying a salted claim which busted up the second day. I went at it again, though, and struck it rich; but when the gold wagon was going down to the settlements, it was struck up by those cursed rangers, and not a red cent left."

"That was a bad job," I says.

"Broke me—ruined me clean. Never mind, I've seen them all hanged for it; that makes it easier to bear. There's only one left—the villain that gave the evidence. I'd die happy if I could come across him. There are two things I have to do if I meet him."

"What's that?" says I carelessly.

"I've got to ask him where the money lies—they never had time to make away with it, and its *cached* somewhere in the mountains—and then I've got to stretch his neck for him, and send his soul down to join the men that he betrayed.

It seemed to me that I knew something about that *cache*, and I felt like laughing; but he was watching me, and it struck me that he had a nasty vindictive kind of mind.

"I'm going up on the bridge," I said, for he was not a man whose acquaintance I cared much about cultivating.

He wouldn't hear of my leaving him, though. "We're both miners," he says, "and we're pals for the voyage. Come down to the bar. I'm not too poor to shout."

I couldn't refuse him well, and we went down together, and that was the beginning of the truth. That is how I came to have a nasty suspicion of my companion of the ship! All I asked for was a quiet life, leaving others alone and getting left alone myself. No man could ask for better than that. And now just you listen to what came of it.

We were passing the front of the ladies' cabins, on our way to the saloon, when out comes a servant lass—a freckled currency she devil—with a baby in her arms. We were brushing past her, when she gave a scream like a railway whistle, and nearly dropped the kid. My nerves gave a sort of a jump when I heard that scream, but I turned and begged her pardon, letting on that I thought I might have trod on her foot. I knew the game was up though, when I saw her white face, and her leaning against the door and pointing.

"It's him," she cried, "I know him. I saw him in the court-house. Oh, don't let him hurt the baby!"

"Who is it?" asks the steward and half a dozen others in a breath.

"It's him—Maloney—Maloney, the murderer—O, take him away—take him away!"

(To be Continued.)

Not That Kind.

A vag who applied at the police station the other day for a lodging ticket had one of his arms in a sling, and the sergeant inquired:

"What sort of an accident did you meet with?"

"Got hurt on the cars."

"Break your arm?"

"Yes."

"Company's fault?"

"It was. It was owing to the gross carelessness of the engineer."

"Did they settle?"

"No, sir."

"Are you going to sue?"

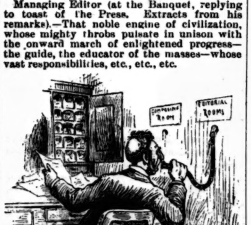
"No, sir."

"Seems to me if I was marked up that way I should want pay for it."

"I am not that kind of a man, sir. When I tackle a freight train for a free ride, and get knocked off the bumpers by the car jumping a switch, I just let that railroad company pursue the even tenor of its way and don't say a word. I am only too thankful that the brakesmen didn't jump on me after I was down."

Romance vs. Cold Business.

Managing Editor (at the Banquet, replying to toast of the Press. Extracts from his remarks).—That noble engine of civilization, whose mighty throbs pulsate in unison with the onward march of enlightened progress—the guide, the educator of the masses—whose vast responsibilities, etc., etc., etc.



Managing Editor (in the sanctum)—Get up a column and a half about the dogfight to-night, send a man to interview Sullivan about his last spree, and if that article on the Dandy Barkeepers of New York isn't ready by three o'clock, there'll be trouble up there, and don't you forget it!—*Puck.*

Woman's Most Interesting Age.

"What is the most interesting age of women?" was a question recently discussed by an author, an author and a woman of society. The artist said he did not like to paint the portraits of those between the age of twenty-five and forty years. Before twenty-five the face has an expectancy which charms. It is looking forward with joyous freshness and hope, and is full of puzzling promises. At forty years the character is formed and the lines of the countenance are strong for the painter's study; but in intervening years the face has lost its expectancy, is apt to be indifferent, and has no particular interest. The author differed from the artist. He liked to study women between the ages of thirty and forty. They had then the experience of the world and the joyousness of youth. In those years they were brightest and most interesting. The society woman thought that it was impossible to make general answers to the question, as individual women differ in regard to the most attractive age. Some are most charming at sixty years, while others have passed their prime at twenty. The best answer would be that women are always beautiful to the friends who love them.

Teacher—Can you tell me the population of Wurtemberg?

First Scholar—1,881,505.

Teacher—Very good, still not quite correct. Does anybody else know?

Second Scholar—2,881,505.

Teacher—That's right!

First Scholar—Why, I know that, but as we got a little sister yesterday, I thought it would make one more.

After the Parade.

Aunt Amanda (from Seedville)—Well, these city folk don't think of anything but style! If that boy was my child I'd a had him outer dresses long ago.—*N. Y. Life.*

Reversing Matters.

Mr. Jason—Maria, I thought when your aunt came here she was going to live with us all winter!

Mrs. Jason—Well, isn't she?

Mr. Jason—It doesn't seem so. It looks to me more like as if we were living with your aunt.

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"Swift" Safety (used only 3 months - - 95
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CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Adela awoke early on the following morning—so early that, though she lay for a long time and listened intently, not the creak of a footstep, the closing of a door, the rustle of a skirt, or the sound of a voice indicated that any one in all the great house was astir but herself.

The listening only made her more wide-awake;—it was literally impossible to go to sleep again. The girl jumped out of bed, and ran barefooted to the window, through which the early sunshine was pouring in a radiant flood. Is it the distant sea looked magnificent. What a glorious morning it was! It was almost wicked to lie and sleep away the best fresh beauty of the summer day. Adela looked at her watch.

"Half-past six! I could be out by seven; and breakfast isn't until nine. Two whole hours! I'll go down to the beach—why shouldn't I? If that sleepy goose Pinkum is awake, I'll make her go too!"

Pinkum slept in a small room adjoining her mistress. Bing cautiously peeped in upon, she proved to be sleeping soundly and snoring loudly. Adela mercifully left her to do both as long as she pleased, dressed herself quickly, and ran softly down stairs.

The servants were astir by this time. One of them unbarred a side door for her, and she got out into the sunshine. It was not really far to the beach when she was once clear of the park, and the girl had trodden the way so often that it seemed nothing to her. Along the path across the breezy stretch of down she went, and then cautiously, with her skirts gathered in her hand, down the rugged footway which ran zigzag from the top of the cliff to the beach. She would see no one there but the usual fishermen, busy with their nets and boats, the usual groups of rosy, sunburnt, barefooted children, all of whom knew the young lady from the Towers almost as well as they did Sir Guy and his great dog.

These were all that Lady Adela expected to see; but she had not made her way down many yards of golden sand and gleaming shingle, with here and there bits of reddish-green seaweed shining in still wet brightness, when she raised her eyes to take another long look at the blue of the sky and sea, and saw, a few paces in advance of her Sir Guy standing watching her and quietly waiting, and Rob Roy with his ears cocked knowingly as he watched and waited too.

Guy moved forward quickly when he found that she saw him; and she had nothing to do upon her side but to advance and give him her hand.

"I did not expect to see you here at this hour, Lady Adela," he said, turning to walk on with her. "When I saw you coming down the cliff path just now, I thought my eyes had played me false for once, although it's a trick to which they're not given."

"Did you see me?" asked Adela, vexed with her pretty brows with the air of innocent interrogation which had in it something quaintly childlike. "I didn't see you—perhaps because I didn't expect to do so either. I woke up very early, and couldn't go to sleep again, and so I chose to come out here instead of trying."

"Exactly my case. I woke up early, and couldn't go to sleep again."

A certain extra dryness in the always grave voice made the girl raise her eyes and look at her companion curiously. His swarthy face had a haggard look—an expression worried, anxious, uneasy, sorrowful. To Adela he looked as though he had not slept at all. The two upright lines between his eyebrows made her wrinkle her own forehead in involuntary imitation. To her embarrassment, he surprised her in her intent look before she turned away her eyes.

"A penny for your thoughts, Lady Adela!" he said coolly. "Rather more than usually grim, vicious, and disagreeable. Is that it?"

"I thought you looked tired."

"Do I? I should not on such a morning as this. Nothing worse than sleepy headed then!"

"I didn't mean that." There was a note of mocking bitterness in his voice which did not please her, and the quick little toss which she gave her head was meant to show that it did not. "Being tired and being sleepy are two very different things. I meant, as much as anything else, that you look worried."

He made no reply to that; but Adela was well used to his way of sometimes acknowledging a speech with only a look, and had ceased to think it either strange or careless. Still there was something vaguely wanting this morning in the ease that had grown up between them, and she felt it uncomfortably. It was strange to walk beside him in such stiff silence over the shingle, watching the sun shining upon the sea. Yesterday morning she could have chattered glibly enough. The gleaming of the many-coloured pebbles, the wet seaweed, the advance and retreat of the foam-capped wavelets would all have furnished her with something to say. Usually she did far more talking than he. Now she was stupidly dumb; and it only tied her tongue the more to feel—as she did feel—that her uneasiness, her disconfiture, had somehow communicated itself to him.

It was a relief to her when he roused himself and broke the awkward silence with characteristic abruptness.

"Did you hear of the arrival last night, Lady Adela?"

"Your brother's, you mean? Oh, yes; Pinkum came rushing up-stairs to tell me! I did not know he was expected."

"Did not my mother mention it to you then?"

"No; Lady Oldcastle said nothing to me. She knew he was coming, of course?"

"Most probably; I can't say," Sir Guy replied drily.

Adela, recalling the scene of the previous night between mother and son which had made her so uncomfortable, felt that she was on awkward ground, and flushed, vexed with herself. Marmaduke Oldcastle was getting more deeply into her black books every moment. Already, before she had so much as seen him, he had spoilt this morning walk for her, which would have been so delightful only yesterday. No doubt he would spoil the rest of her stay at Oldcastle Towers.

At this reflection that prompted her to ask impulsively, instead of avoiding the subject as she had meant to do—

"Does your brother remain very long here?"

"Again I can't say. If he himself knows, which is doubtful, it by no means follows that I should. I fancy it depends upon—various circumstances."

Lady Adela felt certain that he had not meant to finish the sentence in that way—the break in his voice was so odd and abrupt, and he had glanced at her at least as oddly as if—well, as if, in short, she—Adela Nugent—might have something to do with it. That was absurd, ridiculous; and she told herself so severely, hoping that he did not see how hot were the pretty cheeks she turned away from him towards the sea.

Apparently he saw nothing but the shingle and the sand, as he walked slowly with his eyes cast down; but he looked dull and gloomy still, and she promptly essayed to cheer him. Evidently he did not want his brother at the Towers; it could do no harm to show that she sympathetically did not want him either. She stooped to pick up a broad crinkled ribbon of seaweed.

"If he does stay long, I hope he won't spoil everything," she observed meditatively.

"Spoil everything? Why should he do that?"

"Oh, I don't know! Perhaps he won't, of course. But, when everything has been very nice for a long while—it seems a long while somehow, doesn't it?—though of course it isn't—it does seem," said Lady Adela, apparently confiding in the seaweed, and very intent upon it, "a play that anyone else should come and break in upon it and spoil it. Perhaps I was selfish enough to want things to go on just as they have been until I go away; and so"—she tossed away the seaweed and looked up with a laugh—"as I am quite certain that Lady Oldcastle don't hear me, I'll confess to you that I wish your brother had stopped away. Don't betray me, will you!"

"Hardly. I echo that wish too heartily."

She had not expected him to say as much plainly, and she thought she read in the quick flush that mounted to his dark face that he regretted having said it; but she had succeeded in her design of cheering him, and the unusual constraint between them was gone. Adela found her tongue again; he was not less ready than usual to respond to it; and, without intently the thought of breakfast and turning back, both had, apparently at least, forgotten Marmaduke Oldcastle completely. As Adela's watch was still upon her dressing table—it had been forgotten in her hasty toilet—she appealed to her companion's.

"Isn't it getting very late? I think it must be, because I am feeling so desperately hungry. It must be nearly eight."

"Say nearly half-past," Sir Guy returned. "It will be that in five minutes."

"How late we shall be! We shall be in Lady Oldcastle's black-books for a week! I believe being late is the one offence she won't pardon. And we can't hurry—it is such rough walking."

The beach, far more shingly than sandy, and plentifully strewed besides with rough lumps of chalk and stone of a most ankle-twisting nature, was certainly not a place where hurry was possible. Adela laughingly put her hand into that which her companion held out to help her.

"If you were not here, I should just sit down and let all hope of breakfast go. Poor Pinkum declares that the beach has crippled her entirely. Dear old woman, if she were not so fond of me, I believe she would long since have shaken the dust of the Towers off her feet and gone home again; but she is as fond of me as Hilister is of you. I couldn't say anything stronger than that, could I?"

"Cou'dn't you?"

"Of course not—you know I couldn't," said the girl, a little reproachfully. "He would follow you to the end of the world, if you were going, and like it."

"A modern version of knight and squire," observed Guy cynically. "If ever I make the journey, Lady Adela, it strikes me that my only follower will go on four legs." He patted the head of Rob Roy, who was scrambling over the chalk and shingle close beside him with business like patience and perseverance. "He would hardly have the brains, I believe, to desert a sinking ship if I were on it. I'm inclined to think sometimes, in spite of their much-vaunted intelligence, that a dog is the prince of fools."

"I'm inclined to think that you don't really mean anything of the sort," Adela retorted stoutly, skipping poised upon a fragment of chalk to say it. "Confess that you are in a bad temper this morning, or, if you don't like that, that you have got the 'blues'!"

She was so much in earnest, in spite of her bright prettily put words, that he felt her warm little hand tremble and flutter in his, and saw that there was even a threatening of tears in the soft hazel eyes, although she smiled.

"Perhaps I have," he replied, and smiled too. "Yes, I know I have; I'll even confess to the bad temper if you like. Will you consider Rob Roy apologized to?"

"Since he couldn't understand, and consequently hasn't suffered in his feelings—yes, this time; but I don't like to hear him maligned, dear old fellow! If ever you do make the journey, you will see."

"See what?"

"A good many things," returned Adela airily. "If you won't be able to see that, yet, if you go to the end of the world! But at present we shall neither of us see any breakfast unless we hurry. Who is this coming?"

Rob Roy had plunged on ahead in his heavy lumbering fashion, and was now executing some clumsy gambols of welcome round an advancing figure. Lady Adela asked who it was; but she did not want to be told. Without the swift change in her companion's face and his short gruff exclamation, she would have known somehow that must be Marmaduke Oldcastle.

His manners had all the ease and charm which his brother's so conspicuously wanted, his figure had all the grace, his face all the beauty which his brother's most strikingly lacked. There was not a feature, not a gesture or expression, in common between them. In the fairness of his blond hair and the brightness of his blue eyes Marmaduke Oldcastle strongly resembled his mother; in his tall, lithe, handsome clear cut face and tall, rather slender and well-knit figure, Lady Adela knew that he was the late Sir Guy over again. Had not a year younger than his brother, the difference between them might well have been four times what it was.

All this she saw and thought while he greeted her easily—wanting no formal introduction, it seemed—and she was vexed with herself because even in that moment she was conscious of thinking that she had been much too hasty in deciding that she would not like him. He was so unlike her preconceived idea of him, so far as resemblance went, that by the time his explanation of his being there was over he had almost succeeded in making her do so.

"My mother was in quite a fever at being unable to find you, Lady Adela," he said, turning to walk at her side in a way as delightfully matter-of-course and easy as though he had done the thing a score of times; "and you could couldn't enlighten her as to what had become of you. May I claim credit for the inspiration which made me suggest that you might have wandered down here by yourself? And so I made myself useful for once—it isn't in my line, I'm afraid—by staying off to find you."

"Did you rely upon inspiration to enable you to recognize me too?" Adela asked, smiling.

"Not exactly. My mother had described you, and of course there was no fear of my making a mistake."

This might have meant nothing and might have meant much. Adela felt that in any case it did not call for a reply, and so made none. Her skirts and the shingle and the lumps of chalk indeed gave her enough to do; for Sir Guy had let go her hand, and she walked between the brothers. Beyond a short nod and an equally short word nothing had passed between them, and she felt that each was surprised and displeased at the sight of the other—an uncomfortable consciousness which made her cheeks hot. Perhaps they had really quarrelled last night, she thought, and felt that in that case her position between the two was by no means a desirable one. How tiresome it would be if they did not mean to speak to each other at all—how unspeakably awful would be the evenings!

Here, much to her relief, Duke spoke to his brother, coolly and gally, certainly with no trace either of spleen or temper.

"Didn't expect to see you down here, Guy."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, I didn't suppose you would turn out so early, particularly after pacing up and down like a sentry half the night. I heard you, to tell the truth. Besides, from what her ladyship gave me to understand, I thought the workshop was more in your line."

"Perfectly correct; it is."

"So I thought if you were anywhere it was probably there.

"If I had to earn my breakfast before I ate it, it probably would have been," said Sir Guy bluntly.

So bluntly and curtly did he speak that Adela found herself unwillingly thinking that if they had quarrelled it must surely be Sir Guy's fault. Duke laughed, and went on speaking railingly, with unruffled good temper.

"What a prodigy he is, Lady Adela, this brother of mine! What a perfect pattern to all graceless spendthrifts like myself! With a large income, he spends scarcely a small one: with no need to work, he learns a trade and is perfectly competent to practise it; with an old name of his own, he prefers one which he signs at the end of magazine articles. From what a lofty altitude, backed up by the nine thousand a year which he does not spend, he can look down at me with my seven hundred a year!—which I'll confess to you I owe twice over before it is due, and wonder serenely how I contrive to get rid of it. Our relative positions I consider a complete satire upon the unaccountable freaks of fortune. Again I say, what an altogether enviable and admirable being my brother is!"

There was enough of banter here, enough of palpable exaggeration in tone and phraseology; and the speaker and his manner were sufficiently new to her to make the girl glance up at him doubtfully, uncertain what his real meaning might be. If there had indeed been any subtle mockery in his tone, there was none in his face—his expression was perfectly placid and unconscious.

Sir Guy shrugged his shoulders, as if at something worth neither resentment nor reply. Lady Adela could not help acknowledging to herself that to have a speech of hers treated in that contemptuous fashion would make her very angry. Duke had certainly a good temper—he hardly seemed to remark that he was left unanswered. They had reached the rugged winding path which led up the face of the cliff, and he held out his hand to help her with perfect good humor.

"Let me assist you, Lady Adela. This is rather a rough piece of scrambling for ladies."

Adela hesitated a moment, almost ignoring the ready hand and the bright handsome face. Sir Guy had always helped her before, and of course he would do so now. But he—he stood stolidly staring seaward. Slight and matter-of-course as the service was, she resented the carelessness or indifference which made him fail to offer it, and resented it still more when she found that Duke could not help her up the troublesome ascent half as easily and lightly. In fact, she was as vexed with him for what he had offered to do and did so indifferently as she was with his brother for what he had not offered to do and could do so well if he chose.

If ever Lady Adela's charming manner was stiff and her ready tongue curt, they were so during this walk back to the Towers. Rob Roy himself was not more silent than his master—not so silent indeed, for he barked. Duke did talk; and she perversely wished he would not, although she forced herself to allow that he was much nicer than she had anticipated, and almost the handsomest man that she had ever seen. It was just what she had expected, she thought forlornly—he would manage to spoil everything!

CHAPTER IX.

"Well, Duke!" Lady Oldcastle said inquiringly.

She had a moment before entered the library, and was establishing herself with her usual slow and stately movements upon the couch upon which her senseless figure had been lifted on the previous day. The brilliant afternoon sunshine, streaming in through the open windows, showed the haughty handsome woman in her haughtiest and handsomest mood no trace about her of the terrified creature who had fallen senseless at the feet of Gabriel Dwight. With her firm full chin supported by her large white hand, she sat and looked at her younger son with the expression which her face never wore but when her eyes rested upon him—an expression of passionate devoted affection.

He stood leaning lightly against the sash of the open window, with the blue eyes which were so like her own fixed indolently on her. He had been smoking on her entrance; but now, with quick and easy politeness, he threw the end of the cigar away, responding, as though he echoed her—

"Well, mother?"

"I hardly supposed that I should find you here," Lady Oldcastle resumed, "although I wanted, of course, to speak to you. Where are the others?"

"Guy is at his chasing, I believe—if that is the technical term. I heard hammering just now when I passed that extraordinary den of his."

"I did not mean Guy"—scornfully. "Where is Adela?"

"Upon my word, I don't know; I have not seen her since luncheon, when that little vixen Angel came in and dragged her off, to test upon some mischief, no doubt. They are out, I believe."

"You might have accompanied Adela," said Lady Oldcastle, with a touch of impatience.

"So I should have done"—Duke was invincibly good-tempered—"but that the little puss told me I wasn't wanted as coolly as you please."

"Angel, do you mean?"—"No; her little ladyship."

There was a pause; both were fencing, and each was aware that the other knew it. Lady Oldcastle was the first to break the silence.

"Well, Duke?" she said, as she had said before; and once more he echoed, with what was certainly most provoking nonchalance—

"Well, mother?"

Lady Oldcastle settled herself composedly back upon her couch.

"It is quite useless to beat about the bush," she said, in her clear incisive tones, which would have been repellent and icy had she been addressing any other person. "Understand I meant you to understand me last night, just as I meant you to understand my letter when I wrote to you at Baden. Of course you understand me now! Tell me, so far, what do you think of Adela Nugent?"

"Oh, she seems a jolly little girl enough!" returned Duke coolly.

"I am glad you like her. Her manners are rather more unformed than I like; but they will doubtless improve. As it is, they are certainly attractive in their way; and, although not in the least in the Nugent style, she is undeniably pretty."

"Well, I've seen plenty to beat her in that respect," said Duke slowly.

"My dear boy, no doubt! I never said, never thought that the girl was a beauty—she is not so in any sense, I am aware; but you allow that she is sufficiently pretty?"

"Oh, yes—in her way she's a pretty little thing!" said Duke critically.

(To be Continued.)

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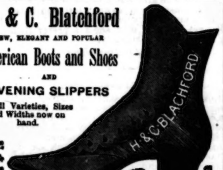

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Lacrosse Dinner.

Those members of the Toronto Lacrosse Club who carried its great name across the Atlantic one year ago and on the fine turf of the Motherland proved the mastery of Canadians at one manly game at least, dined together at the Granite Club on the evening of Friday, March 29. The day was the anniversary of the first match in England, which match was played with the Owen's College team on the Didsbury grounds near Manchester. If the tour be not remembered yearly the team will not have its will.

There were William Logan, captain and orator; James S. Garvin, scribe; Archibald Birnie Mackenzie, keeper of the bag; John W. Dryden, expounder of the laws of sociability and the noble art of self-defence; Fred. J. Dixon, the artful dodger; G. Percival Schofield, the little skipper; H. E. Sewell, the fleet of foot; and J. A. Garvin, the junior member. There were a couple of friends tried and true. They were John Henderson, the president of the club last year, and his brother Chris, yachtsman, songster and good fellow. The honourary membership of the latter was won on the eventful run down to New York at the tail of the great blizzard last year and crowned when he stood at the end of the Inman Line dock in Jersey City and wiped from his kindly eye the salt tear that trickled in grief at parting.

Others there are whom the team has taken into the heart of hearts and whom it would have had joy to meet again. The members could find at their table seats for each of the thousand friends in England and Ireland who to individuals and team extended that whole-hearted hospitality and kindly sympathy that is as much a characteristic of the dwellers in those lands as a blessing to the sojourners. They cannot forget the kindness of Ross Mackenzie, the great-hearted; of Charles H. Nelson, that President who said farewell for the club when the team set out; of Lyman Dwight, coadjutor with Ross Mackenzie in setting the scheme of the tour on foot. Those members who were so happy as to be present could have wished to see their fellows, Sam S. Martin, the stalwart keeper of the goal and the minstrel of the team; Edward Payson Gordon, its historian; C. A. E. McHenry, its only benedict; and Sam Struthers, the "juker" from Montreal. But considerations of time, space and opportunity forbade the presence of these and many other good friends, and their absence was a fly in the ointment of enjoyment.

It was a neat little dinner and athletes' appetites added to the pleasures that the capable *chef* had prepared. Afterwards, the faces of the diners were seen through the blue mist of a smoke from loose and freckled cigars, sweetest incense at the altar of good fellowship.

There were speeches; everybody made a speech, following the path trod by him who had gone before. That is to say, each man called up one, or two, or more of the myriad memories of his journeying a year before and his fellows, with faces wreathed in happy smiles, remembered with him. Of the past they spoke with nothing but pleasure. For the future of the club and of the national game they feel no fear and expressed none.

The toasts were not in strictest form but were drunk in bumpers: The Queen, Lacrosse, Our Guests, The Ladies, and Our Absent Friends.

There were songs. Not always was tuneful ness required. The unwillingness of the candidate measured the desire of his fellows to hear him sing, and so occasions that a score of times had been sung positively for the last time were sung again. It was a night of joy. May there be many more such!

Oddfellows' At Home.

Victoria Hall is a good place for dancing parties when not too large. It is bright and cheerful and has a good floor. The gallery and stage afford those who are sitting out the dances an excellent view of the floor below. It has the fault, however, of being rather draughty at times, as many who attended the At Home of Covenant Lodge, I. O. O. F., on Thursday evening of last week can abundantly testify. The volume of cold air which came up the broad stairway, found its way too easily through the hall doors and introduced itself to ladies in evening dress without ceremony.

Before dancing was begun, a short programme of songs and speeches was given. Mrs. Murray Dickson, Mr. Fred. Warrington and Mr. W. E. Ramsay, all well-known and popular singers, gave several of their best selections. Mayor Clarke, with his usual good nature, acceded to a request for a speech, and spoke in a bright, cheerful vein for a few minutes. It is a matter of some wonder how the mayor can find time to attend to the many calls made upon him in a social way, but it is not at all a wonder that he has so many calls, for Mr. Clarke makes himself universally popular. A few remarks were also made by Grand Representative J. T. Oliver. After this dancing was begun, and those who did not dance were furnished with various other amusements in different parts of the hall.

Among those present were: Mayor Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Donogh, Col. and Mrs. J. T. Hornibrook, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Cleghorn, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gilby, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Kimmings, Miss Kimmings, Mr. W. B. and the Misses Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McKenny, Mr. and Mrs. J. Miller, Mr. G. and Miss Dodds, Mr. W. J. McCormack, Mr. H. C. and Miss Fowler, Mr. T. and Miss Colby, Mr. S. Thompson, Major F. W. Unitt, Mr. J. G. Jardine, Dr. Egerton Ryerson, Mr. W. Godding, Mr. Hugh C. McLean, Mr. R. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. E. Till, Mr. E. A. Post, Mr. W. E. Ramsay, Mr. Fred Warrington, Mr. and Mrs. F. Smith, Mrs. Murray Dickson and many others.

Juch-Perotti.

No recent musical event has excited more interest than the appearance in the Pavilion, next Tuesday, March 9, of Mrs. Emma Juch, supported by Signor Jules Peratti and an exceedingly good company of musical artists. Miss Juch is Austrian by birth, but her greatest successes have been English and American. Under the direction of Col. Mapleson and Theo Thomas she has scored successes with Mmes. Nilsson and Maderna, and everywhere has been received as a mistress of the divine art of song. Signor Peratti is one of the four greatest tenors of to-day, and he is as nearly an ideal Faust as Miss Juch is a Marguerite. The company by which they are surrounded is an excellent one, including, as it does, Teresa Herbert-Foerster, Helene Von Doenhoff, William J. Lavin, Clemente Bologna and Victor Herbert. These great attractions with popular prices should insure a crowded house.

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Something of a Nomad.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—Were you born in Pennsylvany?

Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Magistrate—Brought up in the State?

Prisoner—Yes; I have been brought up in Pennsylvany, and every other State in the Union, too.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

PROUDFOOT—On March 22, at Goderich, Mrs. William Proudfoot—a son.

BISHOP—On March 29, at Toronto, Mrs. C. H. Bishop—a son

THOMPSON—On March 29, at Toronto, Mrs. J. G. Thompson—a son.

MITCHELL—On March 23, at Toronto, Mrs. W. E. Mitchell—a daughter

CROWTHER—On March 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. C. Crowther—a son.

SUTHERLAND—On March 28, at Guelph, Mrs. John Sutherland—a son.

D'AURIA—On March 29, at Toronto, Mrs. F. D'Auria—a daughter.

HAY—On March 30, at Toronto, Mrs. S. M. Hay—a daughter.

DELAMERE—On March 31, at Toronto, Mrs. T. D. Delamere—a daughter.

FAIRBAIRN—On March 26, at Point Edward, Mrs. H. V. Fairbairn—a daughter.

ELLIS—On March 29, at Toronto, Mrs. Austin D. Ellis—a daughter.

LEWIS—On March 22, at Toronto, Mrs. Alfred Lewis—a son

OGDEN—On March 30, at Toronto, Mrs. Albert Ogden—a son.

Marriages.

HARRIS—TAYLOR—On March 28, at Toronto, Arthur Henry Harris, L.D.S., to Jane Edith Taylor, all of Toronto.

MITCHELL—LOWTHER—On March 28, at Toronto, John Mitchell to Bessie Lowther.

DUNCAN—MURISON—On March 27, at Markham, George Duncan of Markham, to Barbara Murison of Scarboro'.

DIXON—KIPP—At Eastwood, Edwin Dixon of Weston, to Alice Kipp.

BRYAN—MELLON—On March 27, at Toronto, W. H. Bryan to Essie Mellon.

MORRIS—MENZIES—On March 27, at Almonte, James Lewis Morris, C. E., to Mary Agnes Menzies.

VICKERS—TENCH—On March 27, at Chippewa, John Alexander Dunbar Vickers to Ellen Florence Tench.

GREGG—SHIELDS—On April 2, at Toronto, Maxwell Robert Gregg to Marie Ewart Shields.

LAIRD—BURNETT—On April 1, at New York, R. W. Laird to Miss Garnett, both of Toronto.

BURNHAM—SLOSS—On April 3, at Toronto, Mr. Edward Burnham to Miss Mary Sloss.

ALLAN—TURNBULL—On March 3, at Toronto, Henry A. Allen of Kincardine to Isabel Turnbull of Lakefield, Ont.

Deaths.

ARMSTRONG—On March 31, at Toronto, Mrs. Robert Armstrong, aged 73 years.

COLLINS—On March 29, at Norval, Jemima Collins, aged 29 years.

DURINT—On March 26, at Three Rivers, Que., Mary Henrietta Dupont.

GRANT—On March 30, at Toronto, Mrs Mary Ann Grant, aged 75 years.

HUTCHINSON—On March 31, at Bowmansville, St. John Hewitt Hutchinson, Barrister-at-Law.

PATON—On March 29, at Toronto, George Paton, aged 59 years.

ROSS—On March 31, at West Toronto Junction, Jacob Philip Ross, aged 70 years.

SUMMERVILLE—On March 30, at Toronto, Mary E. Summerville.

MITCHENSON—On March 31, at Toronto, Mrs. Agnes Mitchenson, aged 38 years.

DAY S—On April 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Robert Davis, aged 43 years.

DOUGALL—On April 2, at Hamilton, Esther Dougall of Belleville.

TREMAINE—At Toronto, Frances M. (Frankie) Tremaine, aged 4 years.

DWYER—On March 29, at Toronto, Robert Dwyer, aged 81 years.

BURNS—On March 29, at Toronto, Gladys Alberta Burns, aged 2 years.

McLEAN—On March 29, at Toronto, Mrs. Thomas McLean, aged 28 years.

SHENICK—At Ottawa, Mrs. Phoebe Shenick, aged 88 years.

GRAHAM—On March 31, at West Toronto Junction, Mrs. Geo. W. Graham of Aurora.

LAWSON—April 1, at Lobsky, Thomas Lawson, aged 64 years.

WATEROUS—On April 2, at Montreal, Mrs. C. H. Waterous, of Brantford.

SMITH—On Apr 1, near Dumbarton, Mrs. Isabella Murdoch Smith, aged 92 years.

OULCOTT—On April 3, at Eglington, John Oulcott, aged 59 years.

MOORE—On April 3, at Toronto, Mrs. Richard Moore, aged 38 years.

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

Tuesday, April 9

JUCH PEROTTI

AUS DER OHE

And a Fine Company of Artists.

Grand Concert and 2nd Act "Faust"

Tickets 50c., 75c., $1, $1.50. at Nordheimers'.

ASSOCIATION HALL

Mrs. Scott Siddons'

RECITALS

Good Friday Evening, April 19, and Saturday Matinee, April 20

Plan of reserved seats will be opened about a week previous to this engagement, and of which due notice will be given.

ASSOCIATION HALL

Monday Evening, April 8

GRAND VOCAL RECITAL

BY MR. AND MRS. GEORGE

HENSCHEL

OF LONDON, ENGLAND

Reserved seats $1.50, $1. Admission 50c.

Plan of seats open at Nordheimers' Thursday evening, April 4.

REV. JOSEPH COOK

WILL LECTURE IN

ASSOCIATION HALL

Friday Evening, April 12

ON

"JESUIT AGGRESSION IN AMERICA"

Admission 50c. Seats reserved without extra charge.

Plan opens at Nordheimers' Thursday morning, April 4.

Largest, Best and Most Reliable Business College and Shorthand Institution in Canada. Faculty Unsurpassed. Special terms for April. Address all communications to J. M. Cadwell, Manager, corner Yonge and Shuter streets, Toronto, Canada. Circulars free.

PAVILION, THURSDAY, APRIL 11

Torrington's Orchestra

AND

AGNES THOMSON, Soprano
E. W. SCHUCH, Basso
GEORGE FOX, Violin H. M. FIELD, Pianist
LUDWIG CARELL, 'Cello
H. L. CLARKE, Cornet
TORONTO BRASS QUARTETTE
F. H. TORRINGTON - - Conductor
A. S. VOGT - - Accompanist

Reserved Seats, 50 Cents.

Plan opens to public at Nordheimers' on Monday morning next.

WE HAVE OPENED UP OUR IMMENSE Stock of Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes.

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"Canada's High Class Pianofortes."

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Unequalled Durability

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THEIR ENVIABLE REPUTATION

Warerooms--32 King Street West and 519 Queen Street West

Toronto Conservatory of Music

Hon. G. W. Allan, President

OVER 600 PUPILS FIRST SEASON

50 TEACHERS. Virtually all departments of Music taught from beginning to graduation, including piano, vocal art, organ, violin, sight-singing, harmony, etc., also elocution. Certificates and Diplomas. Tuition, $5 and upwards per term. Both class and private instruction. Pupils may enter at any date and are only charged proportionately. Board and room provided. FREE ADVANTAGES: Elementary harmony and violin instruction, lectures, concerts, recitals, etc. Calendar giving full information mailed on application.

There being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that all correspondence for the Conservatory be addressed

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Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Ave. TORONTO.

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SELLING PRICE $4.00 OUR PRICE $1.98 SAMPLE FREE

This is a watch that ordinarily sells for $15.00. For 60 days we will sell them at $4.00 and give every one an opportunity to get one sample for nothing. Cut this out and send to us with 50 cents to pay postage, as a guarantee that which is ordered in good faith, which will cover us from any loss from express charges and we will send a watch to you C. O. D., subject to examination. If found perfectly satisfactory and exactly as represented, you can pay the balance of $3.50 and take the watch; otherwise you do not pay one cent. If you sell or cause the sale of six (6) of these watches within the next 60 days we will send you one free. This is an imported, jeweled, Stainless balance quick train movement, complete with a bounce Dueber Silveroine open face case and guaranteed in every respect. We make no money on this watch it simply helps us to sell gold and gold filled watches from our mammoth catalogue which is sent free. Send order immediately. This Ad. may never appear again. THE R. W. SEARS WATCH COMPANY, 57 & 59 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO, CANADA. We recommend this watch to every reader of this advertisement. Mention this paper when ordering.

Whenever goods are to be sent by mail, cash in full must accompany the order, as goods cannot be sent by mail C. O. D. When cash in full accompanies the order, we send free a fine roll-plated chain.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

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The light running, high arm and noiseless No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, for elegance of design, excellence of workmanship, simplicity and durability, and for all family purposes, has no equal.

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A large stock of the latest novelties in New Dress Goods, Combination Suitings, Chamberies, Prints, Dress Trimmings, Fancy Braids, Buttons, Ladies' Short Jackets, in Black and Fancy Colors

Our 44 inch Henrietta Cloth at 50c., worth 75c. 46 inch Henrietta Cloth at 85c., worth $1. Plain and Striped goods 10c., 12½c., 15c., 17½c. to 30c. Black Cashmeres at manufacturers' prices, 25c., 30c., 35c. and 40c., worth 35c. to 60c. Black Henriettas, all-wool, 50c., 60c., 75c. to $1.25. 20 new shades in Satin Duchesse at 45c., worth $1. A large lot Black Silks and Colored at bankrupt prices, from 50c. upwards. Ladies' Jackets in the Box Cloth, black and the new fancy colors, from $1.25.

Our Dressmaking Rooms are under the management of a New York modiste. For style, fit and workmanship we cannot be surpassed. Moderate prices.

Husband & Co.'s Bankrupt Stock now selling at 65 cents on the Dollar.

Ladies, come out in the forenoon and secure great bargains in every department.

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The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

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Under instructions from the directors of the Museum of Art Manufactures KOBE, HIOGO, JAPAN.

On View Monday, April 8. Terms Cash.

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ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
Confederation Life
ASSOCIATION

FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1888.

In presenting the Seventeenth Annual Report of the Association your Directors are glad that they can congratulate the policyholders and shareholders on the satisfactory results which the Report and Financial Statements shew. They have nothing startling to report, as the conservative principles which have guided the operations of the Company in the past have been kept steadily in view, though they have had to contend with the apparent determination of many companies to get business at any cost, and in any way, a practice which is having a demoralizing effect on both the agents and the public.

During the year the Board has had under consideration 1,831 applications for a total assurance of $2,780,808; of these, 121 for $190,500 were declined. The total new issue for the year, including 25 policies for $37,535 revived, was 1,735 for $2,627,843. The total business in force at the close of the year was $16,762,937, under 10,896 policies on 9,586 lives.

The death claims have been favorable. There were 67 deaths, calling for the sum of $112,044.09, including bonus additions.

The following statement of the death claims for the past eight years, and the receipts for interest and rents during the same period, will doubtless prove interesting to persons already connected with the Company, and will be well worth the consideration of intending insurers:

DEATH CLAIMS—(NET)		INTEREST AND RENT.	
1881	$40,546 66	1881	$48,229 95
1882	51,656 18	1882	57,299 73
1883	78,914 75	1883	64,006 01
1884	70,526 60	1884	72,889 72
1885	82,525 23	1885	85,968 78
1886	85,948 85	1886	88,718 51
1887	119,309 02	1887	112,599 40
1888	112,044 09	1888	129,672 17
	$636,471 48		$699,384 27

These figures show that for the past eight years, the interest and rents actually received have paid the death claims and left a balance over of $32,912.79. If, to the foregoing, there be added the figures for the previous nine years of the Association's existence, it will be found that the interest and rents have not only paid the death claims from the outset, but leave a surplus of $14,751.04, a result which your Directors believe has never before been attained in the same period of time. Such a result bears the most emphatic testimony to two things; namely, carefulness in the selection of risks, and the satisfactory character of the Company's investments.

Your Directors did not think it prudent to enter for the race for new business at any cost, being satisfied to secure a fair share on conservative lines. As a result, substantial progress has been made, and the Company's stakes in every way strengthened. In this your Directors are convinced they are best carrying out the true principles of a life insurance institution.

The financial statements, duly attested, submitted herewith, will fully exhibit the Company's condition.

Mr. John Langton, who has been one of the Auditors for some years, having felt it necessary to resign, owing to ill-health, Mr. W. R. Harris was appointed to the vacancy, and with Mr. John M. Martin has continued the audit.

Your Directors are pleased to refer to the continued faithfulness of the agency and office staff, in both of which some important changes have taken place.

All the Directors retire, but are eligible for re election.

J. K. MACDONALD, *Managing Director.*

W. P. HOWLAND, *President.*

FINANCIAL STATEMENTS.

Receipts.		
Net Ledger Assets carried forward from 1887		$2,079,065 16
Real Estate written down	$ 5,125 02	
Mortgages " "	10,100 00	15,225 02
		$2,093,840 14
Dec. 31st, 1888.		
Premiums		510,192 78
Annuities	$5,980 00	
Temporary Reductions of Premiums purchased by profits	2,845 90	
Cash Value of Surrendered Policies applied to purchase temporary reductions	1,422 63	
		10,248 62
Interest and Rents		129,672 17
Re-Assurance (Sun Life)		5,000 00
		$2,718,863 71

Disbursements.		
Expenses		$116,302 68
Reinsurance Premium		5,499 95
Annuities		4,042 30
Commissions on Loans		3,036 00
Rents		3,301 02
Taxes		1,430 87
Insurance Superintendence		374 31
To Policyholders—		
Death Claims	$133,302 00	
Endowment Claims	9,850 00	
Surrendered Policies	16,349 62	
Dividends	9,312 72	
Temporary Reductions	39,249 50	
		208,124 23
Dividends to Stockholders and Civic Tax		12,146 53
Balance to New Account		2,364,615 82
		$2,718,863 71

BALANCE SHEET.

Assets.	
Mortgages	$1,632,539 74
Debentures	297,459 03
Real Estate	197,920 58
Loans on Stocks and Debentures	125,312 30
Government Stock and Deposits	4,737 83
L ans on Company's Policies	126,205 58
Fire Premiums due from Mortgagors	1,700 85
Furniture	2,783 06
Loans to Agents, etc. (secured)	1,056 44
Advances for Traveling Agents' Expenses	1,069 95
Agents' Balances	272 81
Sundry Current Accounts	895 37
Suspense (Cash in Bank of Commerce)	4,816 16
Cash (in banks, $58,213.75; on hand, $490.20)	58,709 95
	$2,365,500 64
Less Liabilities (Current Accounts)	884 82
	$2,364,615 82
Outstanding Premiums (Reserve included in Liabilities), $48,340.36 covered by notes	97,515 64
Deferred (half-yearly and quarter-yearly Premiums (Reserve included in Liabilities)	24,543 75
Interest due and accrued	57,939 68
Difference between Cost and Market Value Debentures	8,747 97
Total Assets	$2,553,362 86

Liabilities.	
Assurance and Annuity Fund	$2,234,415 00
Losses by Death (accrued)	13,248 25
Premiums paid in advance	623 19
Fees—Doctors, Directors and Auditors	7,036 22
Rent	350 00
Held to cover cost of collecting outstanding and deferred Premiums	12,205 93
Capital Stock paid up	100,000 00
Dividend to 31st December, 1888	6,000 00
Surplus	178,584 27
	$2,553,362 86
Surplus above all Liabilities	**$178,584 27**
Capital Stock, paid up as above	**100,000 00**
Capital Stock, subscribed, not called in	**900,000 00**
Total Surplus Security for Policyholders	**$1,178,584 27**

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We hereby certify that we have audited the books of the Association for the year ending 31st December, 1888, and have examined the vouchers connected therewith, and the above financial statements agree with the books and are correct.

We have also examined the securities represented in the Assets, which are safely kept in the Association's vault (excepting the securities lodged with the Dominion Government amounting to $84,046, par value) and found them in good order.

JOHN M. MARTIN, F. C. A. } *Auditors.*
W. R. HARRIS,

TORONTO, 18th March, 1889.

ACTUARY'S REPORT.

I herby certify that I have computed the value of the Assurance and Annuity obligations of the Association as at December 31st, 1888, as set forth below. The Assurances were valued according to the Institute of Actuaries' Mortality Experience Tables and 4½ per cent. Interest—the Annuities according to the Government Annuity Tables and 4 per cent. Interest.

	Amount.	*Reserve.*
Assurance in force	$16,661 084 00	$2,074,407 00
Bonus Additions	101,853 00	50,661 00
	$16,762 937 00	$2,125,068 00
Less for Re-Assurances	146,576 50	23,357 00
Net Policy Liability	$16,616,360 50	$2,101,711 00
11 Annuities—$4,822.30 Annually		23,535 00
Temporary Annuity Account		101,500 00
Contingent Liability, lapsed policies liable for Restoration or Surrender,		7,669 00
Total		$2,234,415 00

W. C. MACDONALD, *Actuary.*

TORONTO, March 11th, 1889.

NOTE.—It having recently been asserted that all companies doing a life insurance business suffer an impairment of capital in the earlier years—a misstatement which has been specially applied to this Association, the Directors take this opportunity of stating that the Capital of the Confederation Life has never been impaired, as the Association has enjoyed a surplus over all liabilities, increasing yearly from $4,237.99 at the end of the first year.

The Directors would also call special attention to the fact that the participating policyholders are getting ninety-five per cent. of the profits on the participating branch, the shareholders receiving only five per cent., in return for the guarantee afforded by the capital, One Million Dollars.

YOUR CHOICE OF any Jersey Suit in the window for $1.99, which are worth from $5 to $6. Come and see them for yourself. Boys' Tweed Suits and Caps and Turbans, in all styles and prices.

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COMBINATIONS OF PLAIN MATERIAL AND FLOWERED—Costumes in this style already made up, and the material as well, both plain and figured. All the new colors represented. Nothing newer. Nothing more fashionable.

THE NEW DIRECTOIRE—Is another of the New Patterns. Self colors with striped border—the plain material in greys, fawns, all the new greens, electric, etc., etc.

DOUBLE-WIDTH FOULE CLOTHS—All the new shades, including the Lizard, Moss and Reed Greens, Pale Terra Cotta, Electric and Russia Blue, etc., etc. Twenty-seven different shades—45c. a yard.

ALL-WOOL DE BEIGES—SINGLE AND DOUBLE FOLD—All the Fashionable Heather Mixtures—all the new shades. Single fold at 25c. a yard. Double fold at 50c.

NEW CASHMERES, HENRIETTA FINISH, COLORED AND BLACK—All the same new shades and colors—45 inches wide, 42c. a yard; a finer quality at 50c.

PRIESTLY'S BLACK SILK WARP HENRIETTAS—The finest and most delicate make in the market.

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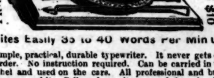

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